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The True Witness

Vol. LV., No. 44 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1906. PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Young Laymen of France.

"The young Catholic laymen are the hope of France." These words were recently uttered by the Vicar of Christ. We have seen something of the circumstances which called them forth, something of that great wave of enthusiasm which is sweeping over the young men of France and giving us hopes of a great Catholic revival, despite the blackness of the immediate outlook for the Church in that country.

We must not leave this subject yet for it is one which is full of interest for us here, and of which we hear far too little. We wish to lay a special stress upon the possibilities of spreading the faith by interesting our young laymen in these matters.

Of course, there are difficulties and dangers. To many people nowadays enthusiasm for social work has become a substitute for religion. It springs in their case not from their faith, but from their disbelief in the supernatural. They wish to work for man, because they do not believe that there is a God to work for. They have all sorts of false notions about the essential evil of pain. There is a cloudy and ill-considered philanthropy which would not make men happy even if it succeeded in its immediate objects.

And even among Catholics there may exist a social activity which is not according to wisdom. This generally means that their zeal does not spring straight out of their Catholicity, as it ought to do. They are selfish, or impatient of guidance. They work for themselves and not for God. Their heat is the heat not of Divine love, but of mere hot human nature. One result of this is that they cannot stand cold water. And cold water will always be showered in abundance upon the social worker. It is a condition of growth and a test of vitality. "Apollo watered" is an incident of all great works in the Church. To ply the watering-can is to some people the epitome of Christian duty.

Zeal, then, may be indiscreet. But it is surely no solution of the difficulty to distrust all zeal. "To be ever safe is to be ever feeble," said Cardinal Newman, and to suppress enthusiasm does not appear to be the first lesson of the Gospels. "Better the young man and his failure than the old man and his sloth," as Canon Keatings quotes in his admirable book on the priest's character and mission. "Best of all, the young man and his success; and success has certainly attended the social works in France which we are here considering.

We shall have something to say later on about the pitfalls of social work. At present we are trying to see how we can create the best sort of enthusiasm among our young men. This is surely preferable to lack of interest, boredom, ennui. We know precisely what we want. We want, not the vague enthusiasm of the "revivalist" which, when it does not attach men to a living and healthy system, merely leads to a reaction—but that enthusiasm which will deepen their hold upon Catholic principles. And we maintain that this enthusiasm may be far more easily aroused in our young men than some of us are disposed to think. Bring them into contact with a man of high ideals, generous heart, and unselfish life, and they will take fire. Treat them like schoolboys and schoolboys they will remain. But get a few—it may be a very few—of them together, and give them a peep at the great issues at stake in the world, and at their own power to affect these issues—well, who knows what they may not do? They may give a definite direction to the thought of the country. We are far too apt to underestimate the influence of personality in these matters, and to trust to the mechanical results of our system. We constantly see the results of persevering enthusiasm in causes which in themselves are vastly less stimulating than the cause of Catholicism. When Richard Cobden set out to repeal the corn laws, the odds seemed overwhelmingly against him. But he took himself very seriously and looked upon his task as a kind of sacred mission. His enthusiasm was bound to prove infectious. Surely it might be possible to do this in the case of the young men of France.

He deprecates being called the leader of the movement; but his personal influence is, as a matter of fact, largely responsible for its growth. We lay stress upon this fact because it illustrates our present contention that a young man's enthusiasm for Catholic social work may be easily aroused; and that when aroused it may produce very significant results.—Catholic Weekly.

Three Perils of The Age.

Archbishops Ryan and Glennon Firmly State the Position of the Church With Regard to Social Problems.

Suicide, divorce and communism formed the theme of the sermons preached by two of the most eloquent prelates in the United States, Archbishops Ryan of Philadelphia and Glennon of St. Louis, at the ceremonies held Sunday in observance of the centenary of the Baltimore Cathedral, says the New York Daily News' correspondent.

The sermon, which was one of the features of the occasion, was delivered by Archbishop P. J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, one of the best known pulpit orators in the Catholic Church.

"The Catholic Church," declared the Archbishop, "says to a man meditating suicide: 'You are planning murder; you have no right over your own life; you have no right to destroy the image of God in your soul.'"

"To the divorced man or woman she says boldly: 'You are living in adultery according to the doctrinal declaration of Jesus Christ, and adulterers cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven.'"

"To the discontented communist and laborer rushing toward anarchy she says: 'All power is from God, and you have no right to disturb the order of society by crime and violence. Seek legitimate means to right your wrongs. Look at the King of Kings, my spouse and your model. He became poor to teach you patience. He was capital supreme, for the riches of heaven and earth were at His disposal, yet he became the carpenter of Nazareth to teach by example that labor is honorable.'"

At night a second great service was held and Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, also touched upon the attitude of the Church toward Socialism. He said in part:

"The social fabric appears to-day to be in imminent danger because old principles are ignored and old foundations attacked.

"It were folly to deny that the shadow of Socialism is hanging over the land, and while learned men are busy pointing out its unreasonableness, its injustice, its lack of feasibility, the shadow deepens, the preachers capitulate and the leaders grow more audacious. We are told that the end has come for that form of social life that heretofore obtained in Christendom, and that with it will go the institutions and the churches that cling to the past, so that you might infer that a church that refuses to modify its teachings or change its principles, or divorce itself from a past that is now impossible must view with anxiety the threatening future.

"And yet we fear not. We are convinced that the Church has a message for these coming years. Do they ask for an even chance in the struggle for life? Is the brotherhood of man the dream they would see actualized? Then comes our Church, heedless of the passing clamor, careless of the mere surface thought of a restless age, to hold up for all good men's admiration the changeless principles of the democracy of the cross, inviting humanity back to that cross and to the One who died thereon."

We have seen something of the Jeunesse Francaise. We have seen a great organization, numbering tens of thousands of members, arise in the course of a few years out of the exhortation of M. de Mun to half a dozen young men. We remember, too, how, in this same Paris three and a half centuries ago, a student at the University worked upon the hearts of a handful of his companions, and so founded the Society of Jesus. And now, to conclude this part of our subject, and to strengthen our belief in the power of personal enthusiasm, we will make another expedition together in Catholic Paris and study a remarkable instance of this power which contains many points of special importance to our survey of Catholic social work. The enthusiasm of a young student has, in an incredibly short space of time, made its mark upon public opinion throughout France.

We take our way, then, to the great Stanislas College, a few minutes' walk from the cradle of the Jeunesse Francaise in the Rue du Bac. In the basement of the college is a room known as the Crypt. Some years ago a student named Marc Sangnier obtained permission from the authorities to assemble there some of the boys of the College. "I have something important to say to them," he said.

Such a request would, in many cases, we fear, indicate a design to make coffee, play bridge, or smoke furtive and inferior cigars. And even were the purpose more serious, it is not every superior who would treat it seriously. Now, if we are to foster initiative in young men we must take them seriously. Indeed, they deserve immense respect, and if there is sometimes an amusing want of proportion in their aims and methods, well, we had better keep our amusement to ourselves. Otherwise they may take the line of least resistance back to their bridge and cigars.

However, there seems to have been something reassuring about Marc Sangnier, and he collected his boys. He himself was rather older than the rest, having passed his baccalaureat. Moreover, he possessed, as we shall see in the sequel, an extraordinary power of attracting others, much eloquence, and very considerable intelligence.

He began to talk to them about the Church, about the work they might do for the poor and uneducated, about the way in which the people were wandering dazed and discouraged, looking for the light which Catholicism alone could give. The waters of materialism were creeping up on every side, the struggle for life was becoming savage and uninspired, and the good news of the gospel becoming forgotten. And his hearers, he said, could do much to put these things right, if they would only take them to heart.

Of course the boys listened. The Crypt meeting became a regular institution, and the incisive appeals of l'ami Marc attracted larger audiences. The Crypt was no mere academic debating society; it soon issued in action. Young men from the working classes were invited to its meetings. Social questions were discussed in a practical spirit; popular conferences were given. By the year 1899 the institution had taken definite shape, and was henceforth known to the world as the Sillon.

During the last five years the work has extended in a wonderful manner. Its congress at Lyons last year was followed by two thousand members. A congress at Paris was presided over by Cardinal Richard, and received a message of encouragement from the Holy Father, who spoke of the "Sages initiatives du Sillon." The movement has spread all over France; it publishes a dozen local periodicals. It has produced important practical results in the social order, opened out many important questions, and given rise to endless discussion. We shall see something of this spirit and methods next week. What we wish to insist upon here is that a great movement has been produced, and is constantly being reinforced, by the enthusiasm of one young man. Marc Sangnier is a vigorous and untiring. His eloquence is heard almost daily at the conferences and lectures.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Parrot's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

One Lack in Secular Training

Priest, Rabbi and Protestant Bishop Unite in Declaring That Religious and Moral Education Is Vitaly Necessary.

Only Religious Teaching Can Produce Better Citizenship.

Sunday evening there was a singular gathering down in New York—one that ten years ago would be pronounced impossible. A Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and representatives of five Protestant denominations united at a meeting in the assembly hall of the United Charities Building to plead for a more thorough religious education of children. The movement had its inception at the inter-church conference last fall. It is proposed that the public schools shall so arrange the schedule of studies that subjects of relative unimportance shall come on Wednesday afternoons, and that such students as desire it, or whose parents desire it, shall be then free to go to the churches of their choice to receive there religious instruction without loss of public school standing.

Rev. Dr. Anson P. Atterbury, pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church, presided and invited Father McMillan of the Paulists to come to the platform as the first speaker.

"It is the Catholic position that religion and morality are inseparably joined," said Father McMillan. "To us it is visionary that there can be morality without religion.

"This plan will solve many of our problems. We hear and we know that to some extent the Sunday School is ineffective, that it does not provide all that is needed and that the time allotted to it does not give sufficient chance for necessary instruction. The method suggested will help us to get rid of that absurd pernicious idea that religion is for Sunday alone and has no place in the business day. It is a weakness of the Christian Church that under present conditions it has no officers who can go out and make the child come to Sunday School as the public school can.

"On account of religious differences much cannot be expected from public officials. These men, on account of religious differences, have to assume a position of brutality toward religion. In a sense it is a right position. And so the responsibility falls most largely upon the parent. Parents have the undoubted inherent right to insist that their children be educated in the parents' faith. They have, I know, a growing interest that something must be done to supply the deficiency existing in the public school. I am not talking now as a Catholic, but as a citizen. It is the religious denominations who are willing to back their position by building churches and schools, by self-sacrifice. Those who want a general ethical culture are not very self-sacrificing. It is time the churches aroused themselves."

Bishop Greer said: "I am a strong and staunch believer in the public schools. I want them pretty much as they are and for what they stand. They do that which they aim to do, and do it fairly well. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.

"There must be moral and religious training. That is more than a religious influence. In the last analysis moral training rests on religious training. If the seductive evils of our modern life are to be not as they should be met, something more is necessary than the training that is given by a secular education. The training of the public school needs to be supplemented by the training the churches can give."

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Sanders added a word for the public schools. But he said, the religious teaching there is lacking, the Sunday school is deficient and often parents are not qualified, even if they wish to supply the need.

Rabbi H. P. Mendes said he spoke as an Oriental. He thought the three "R's" are neglected in secular education, not the three "R's" best known, but, rather, reverence, righteousness and responsibility. "Irreverence is prevalent," he said. "There is unrighteousness in men's lives, not more in the higher circles, of which we have been hearing about, probably, than elsewhere. I mean

the unrighteousness of the day laborer, for instance, who is not conscientious. By neglecting religious education we are neglecting that part of our citizenship which makes for these three "R's." I welcome this Wednesday movement."

Rev. Dr. Frank Mason North, Methodist, in a corroborative vein, and the Rev. G. U. Wenner, who is largely responsible for the movement, said that it is exciting attention all over the country. In closing the meeting Rev. Dr. H. A. Stimson, pastor of the Manhattan Congregational Church, summed up, declaring it his belief that, despite the arguments that some might cite against the plan, it seems feasible. There was a unanimous vote to continue the committee and to give it power to take any steps it deems necessary to further the movement.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Archbishop's Urgent Appeal

To Maisonneuve Council re Sunday Liquor-Selling.

Following closely upon his energetic action in the matter of upbraiding a Maisonneuve hotelkeeper for selling liquor on Sunday, His Grace has addressed the following letter to the Mayor and Council of Maisonneuve:

"Gentlemen,—Allow me to solicit your help in the crusade inaugurated throughout the whole of our diocese against intemperance and which has already produced the most encouraging results. The clergy are working earnestly in both the city and country parishes; families comply in a body with their request; grown up men and young men come by hundreds to enlist in the society which we have founded.

"Let the government and the members of municipal councils energetically and courageously support our efforts, and a beneficial reform will soon take place among our people.

"If one thing is to be regretted, it is surely the ease with which licenses for the sale of alcoholic liquors are granted. A large number of the hotels and saloons which obtain a license have no reason to exist; they always constitute a danger, and, very often, they are the cause of the most serious disorders. Your municipality has twenty-five of these. That is too many, far too many, and nobody can pretend that all these liquor places supply a need. Far from it, gentlemen; and, rest assured that you can only suffer thereby.

"You live in a municipality whose name, dear to every Canadian, is synonymous with honor and virtue. If intemperance and the influences which encourage and spread it are allowed to enter that municipality, it will inevitably be exposed to evils of every kind, and its downfall, both materially and morally, will be assured.

"You who have the progress of the municipality at heart; you whose mission and duty it is to favor its development and morality; will you, then, join our efforts and perform no matter what sacrifice calculated to avert the danger that threatens you? I have received many complaints for some time past, and the interest which I take in your welfare is my excuse for sounding the alarm.

"It is desirable that the number of saloons should be reduced. Meanwhile, I request you to see that the laws of the church and of the state be faithfully observed. The truth with which the confidence of the electors has honored you imposes, as you know, the obligation to have the law respected.

"Now, in many of the hotels of your town intoxicating liquors are sold on Sunday, and sometimes much more than the other days of the week. People reach these places by secret doors; they drink there; they get intoxicated there; and it is not an unheard of fact that disorders and squabbles take place. I had been told of this, and could hardly believe it. A mere chance allowed me to ascertain with my own eyes a few days ago that nothing had been exaggerated. Allow me to tell you that what I saw grieved me deeply. You headed the council which I then considered it my duty to give you; you set to work to suppress those abuses with a zeal that cannot be too highly praised and

for which all citizens of Maisonneuve must congratulate you. I cannot but encourage you to continue in that path. The evil can still be fought, but you must make haste.

"Efforts are being made, it appears, to secure from you leave to sell beer on Sundays in a certain part. I can see there a great danger. It would be a regrettable permission, on account of the serious abuses that would certainly follow. The sale of temperance beverages should suffice.

"I know, gentlemen, your excellent intentions. I therefore rely on each one of you for a persevering fight on behalf of the great cause of temperance, and I request you to accept the assurance of my entire devotion."

This letter was submitted to the council at its meeting of Wednesday last, and it was decided to comply with the request of His Grace. A resolution of the Police Committee ordering the constables to arrest without further notice any hotelkeeper found selling liquor on Sunday, was adopted.

HAPPY OUTCOME OF HIS GRACE'S ACTION.

We are pleased to note that His Grace's action has had a most beneficial effect. The local authorities have seriously taken the matter in hand, and on Sunday last the councillors made a personal inspection of the town to see that the law was being observed. They found all the hotels strictly closed, with one exception. Immediate action was taken against this offender, who pleaded not guilty. It appears, however, that a conviction will easily be secured against this man, after which, it is understood, his license will be taken away from him.

The hotelkeeper in whose case the Archbishop had taken action a few Sundays ago, recently called upon the parish priest of Viauville and declared his determination to strictly abide by the law in the future, and on Sunday evening last he had all the lights turned on in his premises, where all the blinds were raised, in accordance with the request made to him to do so as an evidence of good faith.

When addressing his parishioners on Sunday last, the pastor of the Viauville Catholic Church referred to this visit, and took advantage of the occasion to once more make an earnest appeal on behalf of the observance of the liquor law regarding Sunday selling.

Noted Catholic Scholar Dead.

Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D., for thirteen years chaplain of St. Joseph's hospital in Yonkers, N.Y., died there on Friday, April 13, in his sixty-third year. He was the author of "Studies in Church History," in six volumes; "Scenes, Lies and Errors in History," in ten volumes, which he left incomplete.

Dr. Parsons was born in New York city in 1841. His father was a Protestant and his mother a Catholic. He received part of his education at St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and then went to the American College at Rome, as one of the first thirteen students of that institution. Dr. Parsons was appointed first prefect of the college, having under him the late Archbishop Corrigan, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann and others.

Shortly after his ordination in 1865 he returned to the United States and held several pastorates in New York City. He then retired to St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, N.Y., where he lived for thirteen years and died.

During these twelve years Dr. Parsons, who was a learned man and was always fond of books, with a special talent for Church history, devoted himself especially to the study of Church history. He wrote a number of well known volumes, which are found in nearly all libraries of the clergy.

'Tis Well to Know a Good Thing—

Said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who raises pigs, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back she was another customer for Electric Oil.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Only pity can be felt for the woman who "digs" all day and never seems to accomplish anything. Being systematic greatly lessens the labor of housework. In sweeping, for instance, plan to take one morning to sweep the parlor and library. This with other routine work is all that can be accomplished in one morning without overdoing. The next morning the bedrooms, and bathroom perhaps, may be cleaned, and on the day following the dining-room and kitchen, including the polishing of silverware. The woman who goes about her work in this manner is usually possessed of a placid disposition. Time deals gently with her, her face is not disfigured with lines caused by fret and worry, she is never a "whiner," and can be found on any afternoon prettily attired. Physicians unanimously agree that there is no exercise which causes a more perfect development of all the muscles than sweeping. It stirs the sluggish blood into circulation, and when done sanely and wisely will improve the wielder of the broom mentally and physically.

SELF CONTROL.

Mothers need to discriminate. Harshness and severity should never be meted out to the child who is the victim of an accident. With the utmost admiration I remember the perfect poise and unbroken calm of a sweet woman whose little girl had the misfortune to knock over a very costly vase which had for her mother precious associations connected with her wedding journey in the far east. The vase stood on a table where it had been placed after having been shown to guests, who had gazed at it almost with envy. In came little Barbara, her doll in her arms; her foot caught on a rug, and she slipped on the polished floor. She threw out a hand to save herself falling, and, lo, the vase lay in fragments at her feet. "Never mind, Barbara," said the mother gently, "you did not mean to do it. I am so glad you are not hurt and that even dolly has not a scratch." The object lesson of self control was worth going far to see, and its effect would never be lost on the character formation of the little daughter.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

THE BODICE BELT.

The tailor's secret of making a bodice belt defy the sagging effects of time and frequent wear is a very simple one. Whether the belt be made at home or purchased in the shop the little finishing touch may be applied with excellent results. Those that are bought ready made have usually the whalebone in the back—sometimes there are even three converging to a V at the waist line and widening at the top. There is also one on either side in front. But the real stay that will make your belt shapely throughout its lifetime is the waistband—like that used inside any ordinary bodice. This is fastened to the belt just where the belt fastens. These should be supplemented by a bone halfway between the front and back, just where the gathers begin to widen, where those three bones are placed in the back. It fits snugly, bears the strain and saves the soft silk or satin from the stretching process certain to come in the course of a few wearings.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Dainty bow ties of cambric are smart bits of neckwear. In thin materials for evening gowns the printed or so-called hand painted organdies and games are still much in evidence. Diaphanous materials will be the reigning fashion in all costumes—formal or informal—where they can possibly be used the coming summer. Black velvet trimming is playing rather an important part upon the first spring frocks, and a touch of it seems likely to be used upon almost any material or any model. No one need have any hesitation in

having chiffon broadcloth gowns made up, as the material will be as much worn not only this spring, but the coming autumn as ever before. The newest thing in shirt waists is one of the white linen with soft turndown collar and elbow sleeves finished with a flaring cuff. It is fastened in front and has a pocket. Worn with a navy blue or red silk tie, it is exceedingly smart.—New York Times.

MOTHERS SHOULD TEACH THE LITTLE ONES TO BE HELPFUL IN THE HOME.

Children may early be taught to be helpful in the home. Mothers often have the mistaken idea that they are infringing upon the child's right to a happy childhood by requiring of it the many little acts of helpfulness that mean so much to a tired, overburdened mother. I know a mother who has turned dishwashing into an amusement, eagerly looked forward to, by simply teaching her three little girls to regard it as a game in which the plates, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, etc., are supposed to be enjoying surf bathing at the seashore. When the dishes are exceedingly dirty, which usually happens at dinner time, the soapy, foamy surf dashes over them from the dishwasher's expert hands, and the life-saving crew in the shape of two active little dish wipers work heroically to rescue them and bring them safely to shore. One gives them a brisk wiping to prevent taking cold; the other polishes them and sets them in orderly rows in the closet life saving station. The children daily add some interesting feature to the game. They have their favorite dishes, whose pretty bathing suits require the utmost care. These are usually the delicate china dishes. Occasionally they have visiting dishes. This occurs when mamma has an unexpected guest at lunch or dinner.—Mothers' Magazine.

PIANO ORNAMENTATION.

One word as to the decorating of the top of the piano: Don't. Too much ornamentation is destructive to tone quality. You may have observed that on striking a certain note it gives out a ringing metallic sound. After puzzling over the phenomenon for awhile you at length discover that the sound is due to the presence of a jewelled photograph frame which you thought added so much to the ornamentation of the instrument. But if you love a good toned piano better than you do bric-a-brac you will cease to litter your instrument with picture frames, curios and statuettes, no matter how well they show off, no matter how empty the piano looks without them. Nor is your instrument complete nowadays without the side cabinet for music.

HOW TO WASH A FLANNEL BLOUSE.

To wash a flannel blouse is not a difficult task even for an inexperienced person; but, like everything of its kind, it needs a little care to prevent the blouse shrinking. First make some soap jelly and dissolve two tablespoonsful of it in half a gallon of warm water. Add one teaspoonful of ammonia, and put the blouse in this, letting it soak for about ten minutes. Wash the blouse in the usual way, taking care to rub the parts which are most soiled. No soap must be rubbed on the blouse. Squeeze the water and wash in fresh water prepared in the same way. Put it through the wringer, then rinse it in clean, tepid water to which ammonia has been added in the same proportion as to the lather. Again put it through the wringer, fold it evenly, and pass it through again and yet again. By taking this precaution the moisture will nearly all be pressed out of the flannel, and it will only require to hang out for a short while.

TIMELY HINTS.

No matter how badly burned on the bottom the contents may be, put a tablespoonful of washing soda into the pan, add a quart of water

CURED HIS WIFE OF LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dufos of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

"There you have the whole matter in a nutshell. La Grippe and colds are among the forerunners of consumption. This man had one, his wife had the other. Psychine not only cured both but it built them up so that their bodies are strong enough to resist disease. All seeds of consumption are killed by

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

and set on the back of the range to heat. Shake the pan gently occasionally, and in a couple of hours the burned particles will dissolve in the water.

A good bleacher is made by boiling one pound of soda in a quart of water. Add a packet of chloride of lime, strain and bottle, and discolored doorsteps and tables that are a bad color may be cleaned with the fluid. Well brush over and leave for the night, then wash well off in the morning.

To clean decanters, cut some soft brown paper into little squares, soap them well, roll up into little balls, and put into the decanter with a few little pieces of soda; half fill with warm water, shake thoroughly for a few minutes, empty out the paper and soapy water, rinse in clean water, when they will be found clean and bright.

Lisle thread stockings should be washed in tepid water tinted with a little blue, and soap should only be used for the feet. Rinse in clean water, allowing a piece of ammonia the size of a bean to every gallon of water. Dry quickly in fresh air, but not in the sun. If this is impossible roll up tightly and wring in a clean cloth, letting a fold of the cloth come between each fold of the stocking.

When interrupted while frying in deep fat, drop a crust of dry bread into the fat to prevent its burning.

RECIPES.

Squares of Delight—Boil two pounds of sugar and one pint of water together until a little dropped into cold water can be rolled into a brittle ball. Moisten ten ounces of cornstarch with enough water from a pint to make a thin paste. Heat the remainder of the water to the boiling point, and add it, with a pound of powdered sugar, to the dissolved cornstarch, and cook over the fire for ten minutes after the paste is clear. Slowly pour it into the sugar syrup, add a quarter of a pound of strained honey and a quarter of an ounce of powdered tartaric acid. Flavor with rose, or any other fruit flavoring, and add half a pound of chopped almonds. Return to the fire and cook until it will not adhere to the fingers when lightly touched. Cool in an oiled straight-sided pan, and when cold cut in squares with a sharp knife.

Coffee Fruit Cake—Beat to a cream two eggs, half a cupful of butter, and one cupful of sugar. When these ingredients are properly mingled add half a cup of New Orleans molasses, stirring it in well. Next add one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, mace and cloves. Stir them well through the mixture; dissolve a teaspoonful of baking soda in half a cup of cold coffee and stir it in; then chop raisins coarsely a cupful of seeded raisins; dust them well with flour; sift two cupfuls of flour in a bowl and stir in a little at a time, sprinkling the raisins in, and stirring them in, a few at a time, as you stir in the flour; line two medium sized cake tins with well-buttered tissue paper, and put half the cake batter in each tin; bake in a slow oven till a broom splint may be thrust into the cake without dough sticking to it.

Cheese Salad—A novel cheese salad which will be appreciated at the close of dinner is made by creaming together with a silver fork cottage cheese and a little sweet cream. Season generously with salt and paprika and mix with chopped ripe olives, about half the quantity of olives be-

ing the proper proportion. Shape into croquettes and serve very cold on crisp chive leaves with mayonnaise.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price, 50c.

FUNNY SAYINGS

HE ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTIONS.

A young man and his lady-love attended a protracted meeting which was being held in the village church. Arriving late they found the church filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the lady his seat, while the young man was ushered far away to another part of the building.

The service grew warm and impressive.

"Will those who want our prayers please stand up?" said the preacher.

At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and he would get his sweetheart and go home, but not just knowing where she sat he rose to his feet and looked over the audience.

The minister, mistaking his intentions, asked: "Young man, are you seeking salvation?"

To which the young man responded: "At present I am seeking Sal Jackson!"

WHAT MORE COULD SHE EXPECT.

Old Mrs. Simmers was well-to-do, but parsimonious. She attended all church meetings regularly, but her contributions to the collection-plate would certainly have enriched no one.

One Sunday morning the old lady took her little grandson to church with her. The boy watched everything with bright and hawklike eyes and he took a deep interest in the discussion that followed at home later, during dinner.

"How was the sermon?" asked Mrs. Simmers's daughter.

"Poor," said Grandma Simmers, emphatically, "mighty poor."

"But, Grandma," said the little boy, interrupting her quietly, "what could you expect for a penny?"

HER PRIVILEGE TO CHOOSE.

"I would like something in oil for my dining-room," said the richly-dressed owner of a new house.

"Yes, madam," replied the obliging salesman; "our variety is unlimited—will you have a painting or a box of sardines?"

SHE WAS BUSY.

A lady came down from upstairs and asked the manager of the hotel if she could get a glass of water at once.

"Why, certainly, madam," said the manager, filling up a glass from the water-cooler.

Two minutes after she was back in the office again.

"I don't like to trouble you," she said, "but could I get another glass of water right away?"

"No trouble at all, madam," said the manager, handing her another glass.

Two minutes later she appeared again. This time she asked for two glasses.

"Certainly, madam," said the affable manager, "but could I inquire what you are doing with so much water?"

"Well," she said, "I don't want to frighten you, but my room is on fire and I am trying to put it out."

Healthy Blood Best Germicide

YOU CAN PREVENT AS WELL AS CURE DISEASE BY KEEPING THE BLOOD PURE AND RICH WITH

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"Healthy blood is the most powerful germicide extant," said Sir William Collins recently, in a lecture on "The Man vs. The Microbe."

This well-known authority proceeds to show how much more successfully disease can be combated by keeping the blood pure and rich than by resorting into the system one set of poisonous germs to fight the work of disease.

NO LATITUDE IN IRELAND

This is one of Hourie Conran's Irish stories: "There was an Irish schoolmaster who was standing a class in geography one day. 'Now, my lad,' he said to a clever little chap, 'tell us what latitude the Holy Land lies in.' The boy said, 'The Holy Land is a nation, and not a place, and it is not in any latitude.'"

THE MOTHERS.

When from the Mount the Virgin went—
The awful Mount of Calvary—
Her slender form was weak and bent—
"Thy sorrow is too great for thee,
Ah, thou hast tasted bitter wine,"
Gethsemane in His and thine,"
Said Magdalen, all wan and spent.

Then came a woman through the gloom,
Her eyes like shadows in the light,
Of torches on the Mount of doom—
She seemed a lost ghost in the night,
Her white hair hung unkempt and dank,
From her the Magdalen, scornful,
shrank
As one who sees a loathely sight.

Then Mary, Mother, sped as fast
As mothers go when young babes cry
(O gentle heart! O love so vast!)
And kissed the woman's eyelids dry;
"O thou to my eyes raise thy face!"
"Not I most cursed of all the race—
I in whose soul all hope is past—"

"To thine my sorrow is as naught,"
The Mother said. The woman wept,
"I Judas bore!" The soldiers caught
The words, and spat. "Yes, him I kept
Safe in my arms, heart to my heart,
His shame and death are my part
In life." Her shrieks o'er all
sounds swept.

The gracious John looked stern and cold,
He tried to part the close-linked pair,
But still the Mother would enfold
The woman of the wild despair—
"My Son is Mercy—thou shalt see
The boy that laughed upon thy knee."

Said Magdalen, "The traitor sold—"
"Hush, hush, O friend—my Life, my Sun!
I see the spear," the Mother said,
"And I will ask the spear pierced
One
For this for thee—when thou liest
dead,
Thou from thy woe shalt find release,
The torture of thy heart shall cease,
Him thou shalt meet." "Ah, is't
well done,"
Said Magdalen, "to give him peace?"
—Maurice Francis Egan, in New York Sun.

THE POET'S CORNER

KINSHIP

If life should give me all and take my pain;
If every secret longing of my heart
That in my loneliness I tell apart
Were so to be fulfilled—tell me, what
then?

If all my dreaming should be dream
no more,
If I accomplished what I strove
to do,
And roses blossomed on my
branching rue,
And my fair hopes came true for-
evermore?

What then, what then? If Love
should come in might
And with his sunshine drive all
clouds away;
If sorrow nevermore should come
my way,
And all that seemed so wrong at
last be right?

Tell me, what then? Ah, lonely
then for aye!
Left with no longing, with no
pain or doubt,
Alien to all the suffering about—
Forgetting how to dream, or do,
or die,

—Elldogarde Hawthorne, in Harper's Magazine.

ALL IS WELL.

God reigns and all is well!
No sparrow falls, no flower lives its
day
Without his loving care that guards
always,
Who shall His wonders tell?
The stream of living water ever
flows,
The wilderness shall blossom as the
rose,
Love conquers death and hell.

His love accepts His children's sacri-
fice,
To blend with angel-tones our praises
rise,
Our souls of triumph swell.

None asks in vain for help to bear
the cross,
The poverty of life, the pain of
loss,
The solemn passing-bell,
Of youthful hopes their knell
Rings in our hearts, yet love and
mercy sweet
In benediction make our lives com-
plete,
God reigns and all is well!
—Martha A. Kidder.

In the Art Market

Andrew Carnegie has offered \$300,000 for the famous painting by Rubens of "St. John Interceding for the Rich Man at the Gate of Paradise."

Russell Sage is negotiating for the well-known Millais entitled "The Lost Piece of Money."

President Hageman, of the Metropolitan Life, has authorized the purchase, if possible, of Reynolds' "The Age of Innocence," now in the National Gallery.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased a recently restored canvas by "Tintoretto," "The Wide Virgins Who Filled Their Lamps With Oil."

Barney Oldfield has added "The Destruction of Tyre" to his gallery.

James Hazen Hyde has purchased Dubufe's celebrated work, "The Prodigal Son."

J. Ogden Armour has acquired "The Hard of Swine," by Riviere, and will loan it to the Chicago Art Institute.

Faith of the Irish.

Leo XIII. said that the Irish are the most Catholic people on the face of the globe; Cardinal Manning declared that St. Patrick, through his spiritual children, did more for the Church than any other saint, with the exception of St. Paul; and now comes Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli with testimony equally flattering to the children of Erin. At the St. Patrick's Day banquet in the Irish College, Bonn, he said, as reported by the Home correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times: "I have been sent on missions by the Holy See to various parts of Europe, both in Oriental and Occidental churches, but I never witnessed anything approaching to the devotion of the Irish to the Church, their genuine goodness, their loyalty to the Word of Christ. When St. Patrick came to these islands and converted the heathen Irish, he found a nation of slaves, and he made them free."

Dear Girls and Boys:

This is something like a lot of nice little friends. I do hope I will never be lonely in the Corner as very sorry to hear of W. ness and hope by no means quite strong again. I write a very interesting me when he returns to know. I am glad Ma with my plan. So Ma juring up in her mind sions of her Aunt Bec gain is a fair one. Yes, Mary, I have a v in my heart for the "paper" ones, dear, but py little boys and girls felt very sorry for Edna. How fortunate have a dear grandma to her when her mamma away. Winnifred think "lovely" one. Was I strike upon something nieces and nephews. I see the May altar Win about. How pleased ther in heaven must Joseph was not able to self as other little bo seems to be a happy lit everyone has made the g of writing to me regular have to tire you with about writing me, etc. in the eager hope deluged with letters fr dear girls and boys. Your loving

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: This is something like it! What a lot of nice little friends I have, and I do hope I will never have to be lonely in the Corner again. I was very sorry to hear of Winnifred D'alliness and hope by now she is feeling quite strong again. Harold will write a very interesting letter to me when he returns from school, I know. I am glad Mabel is pleased with my plan. So Mary E. is conjuring up in her mind wonderful visions of her Aunt Becky. Her bargain is a fair one. We will see. Yes, Mary, I have a very large spot in my heart for the little ones, not "paper" ones, dear, but bright, happy little boys and girls. Indeed, I felt very sorry for poor Cousin Edna. How fortunate Mary was to have a dear grandma to take care of her when her mamma was taken away. Winnifred thinks the plan a "lovely" one. Was I not lucky to strike upon something to please my nieces and nephews. I would like to see the May altar Winnifred speaks about. How pleased the dear mother in heaven must be. Though Joseph was not able to enjoy himself as other little boys can, he seems to be a happy little chap. As everyone has made the good resolution of writing to me regularly, I will not have to tire you with that old song about writing me, etc., but will live in the eager hope of being just deluged with letters from my own dear girls and boys.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: How much you must love us all when you offer a prize to us for writing to you. How I would like to see you. I do not think you are old. I think you just said that for fun. You will have to make a special bargain with me. If I get the prize you must put your photo in, and if you are a real old lady I will send you my picture, with my little dog Reno. Do you really like children, or do you just like them in the paper? Do you not feel sorry for poor Cousin Edna? We are sorry for the whole family, but especially for the poor little baby. I was only eight months when my mamma died, but we lived with grandma. Has Edna a grandma? I do hope she has.

Your loving, MARY E. Warden, P.Q., May 6, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky: We were glad to hear your plan, and think it is a lovely one, but we are afraid that you will get so many letters now that you will think we only care for the book. We would be sorry to have you think this, as we think you just the best and jolliest aunty a little girl ever had. We have a lovely time picking May flowers and think our May altar looks lovely. Our mamma's birthday was in May, and we love the month very much, because we know she prays for us in heaven while we pray for her here. Poor Edna M. We are sorry for her and her brothers and sisters. Good bye.

WINNIFRED A. E. Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am going to try my luck in writing to you again. We have had some pretty wet weather for the spring of the year. Sugaring has gone by. There wasn't very much made around here. We haven't got any sugar places. Our school has started again, but I can't go this term. My papa keeps a store and I have got to clerk in it. I come home to my dinner every day. I have a little sister a little over a year old. We and her a lot of company. She is the best girl to me. I am fourteen years old, and I have another sister older than me. We did not go to Mass to-day because the roads are so bad, they are not drying very quick. I suppose you have streets to walk on. I think you have made a good plan to get your nieces and nephews to write regularly.

was. I will close for this time with lots of love. Your affectionate niece, MABEL. St. Cyr, May 6, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see so many letters in the corner this week, and so sorry to know that it was cousins Edna and Winnifred's mamma who died in March. My papa saw her death in the paper, but did not know if it was their mamma or not. I was hoping it was not, and often thought of writing to inquire, but Harold is away, and I am not very good at writing. Harold is at St. John Berchman's boarding school, Quebec, now, and I miss him very much, as he is our only brother. To-morrow is his birthday; he will be ten years old, and he is to make his First Communion next Sunday, the 13th. I am going to go for the occasion with papa and mamma. He is to be confirmed the 14th. You will now know, dear Aunt Becky and cousins, why you have not heard from Harold since so long. He came home at Easter, but only for a few days. Poor Edna, Winnifred, and their dear little sisters and brothers! We are very sorry for their great loss. I wish I was nearer to them, I would go to see them often. I hope they have a good grandma or good aunty to live with them. I have been very ill for five long weeks this winter and March. I am well now and so could not go to school all February and March. I am well now and so happy to be going to school again. I hope the new cousins will keep on writing. I send them all my love, and my special love and sympathy to cousins Edna and Winnifred.

Your affectionate niece, WINNIFRED D. West Frampton.

Dear Aunt Becky: The beautiful month of May has come, the flowers are getting quite plentiful. I cannot stoop down to pick them. My sisters bring them to me, and I present them to the Blessed Virgin. It must be very nice to be near a church so as to be able to attend the May devotions. I fear I am too late with my letter to have it in the paper this week. Trusting this will find you well. Lovingly your nephew,

JOSEPH. Granby, May 6.

Now Grumble-boy's a little lad That's just about as big as me, And sometimes, when the weather's bad, He comes at dawn and stays to tea; To-day when I got out of bed And saw the dripping window pane, I cried, and Nurse, laughing, said: "Here's Master Grumble-boy again."

He did not like my new red coat— He said the pockets were too small— He broke my bestest steamer boat, And lost my brand-new bouncing ball. And when I told mamma at noon, She turned my face up to the light, And said: "Has Grumble come so soon?" "I hope he will not stay till night!"

And by and by an organ man, Who led a monkey by a chain, Came past, and funny Jocko ran And climbed up to our window pane. He coaxed in such a funny way! And when I laughed aloud to see, Poor Master Grumble could not stay. For Grumble-boy is really me!

MAN'S LITTLE FRIENDS.

When people chase or hurt birds, they are cruel to useful and faithful friends; for birds are working for man from the first peep of day until sundown. They kill greedy little animals that are eating grain, they devour the seeds of noxious weeds that would otherwise sprout, and their appetites for mischievous insects and worms is enormous. One watchful bird-lover tells us of a catbird that ate thirty grasshoppers without stopping; and when you think how many green leaves and stems one grasshopper can de-

stroy, you can see how many thanks are due that feathered friend. A gentleman who has made a great study of birds tells us that if they were all to be killed, the small creatures that destroy the food supply would multiply so much in a few years that we should all starve.

When you see a woodpecker tapping on a tree he is hunting for his dinner—searching for the grubs that make their home under the bark and kill the young twigs. The oriole, sometimes called the golden robin, is very fond of the insects' eggs that are deposited on the underside of leaves; and when he finds a caterpillar's nest, he tears it to pieces and calls his friends to come to a party, thus making himself useful as well as ornamental.

There is a certain sort of cankerworm that is fatal to apples; but, fortunately, our little friend the chickadee thinks a cankerworm the most tempting morsel on a bird's bill of fare. So he and his brothers and sisters often save for us whole orchards of the most useful of fruits.

That industrious insect, the ant, creates great havoc by making bare and dry the roots of grasses and grains; but there are several birds very fond of an ant diet, and so help them to raise their crops.

Some birds fly about and pounce upon mosquitoes and poisonous gnats; while others fancy cutworms, the kind that nip off your pansies close to the ground. Then there are scavenger birds, like the turkey buzzards, that devour unpleasant things that would taint the air and make it unfit to breathe.

The little birds that run along the ocean beach when the tide is out eat the sea creatures that the waves beat left, and that would become foul and unwholesome in a short time.

Persons who have been employed by the government to watch birds report that one little feathered fellow will eat more than his own weight each day; so we see how much an army of birds can do if they feed upon the seeds of the weeds that the farmers are trying to kill. The goldfinch has been called the thistle bird, because he is so fond of the seeds of thistles.

I hear some one say: "What about the robins that eat our cherries and the hawks that run off with our chickens?" Well, Master Read-breast eats about a thousand insects to one cherry, so has he not nobly earned the cherry? As to the chicken stealing, there are only two kinds of hawks out of many that are fond of poultry, most of them preferring the mice and ground squirrels that are enemies to the farmer. So even the chicken hawk is a friend to man.—Francesca, in the Ave Maria.

JOE AND WINNIFRED.

Joe and Winnifred were playing school. "We ought to have some bigger books," said Joe, "because I am in the second grade now."

Just at that moment they thought of something. Winnifred was sure that Joe thought of it first, and Joe knew afterward that it was Winnifred who pointed at mamma's new book, lying near the reading lamp.

"Let's," said Winnifred. "I can lift it," said Joe.

They carried the book to the couch and spread it open. For a long time they turned the leaves very carefully, "just as mother would wish us to do," Winnifred had said, although she felt just a little guilty.

"I think we ought to put it away," said Joe at last. They each tried to be first in this noble task, and the consequence was the book slipped from their hands.

Crash! Joe tried to save the fall, but caught only one leaf. This tore away and was left in his hand, and the book fell to the floor.

Winnifred picked it up and laid it on the table, then she took the leaf from Joe and placed it inside the cover, feeling very guilty.

"It does not look as if a leaf were gone," she said, looking at the book.

They went out into the garden and sat down. "You ought to know what to do," said Winnifred, at last. "You are older than me."

"Well you ought to know what to do. You know mother better than I do—girls always do."

But supper time came, and they were still undecided, and they were very quiet all evening. When it was time to go to bed they did not ask to sit up a minute longer.

They had been talking away some time when Joe heard a noise in the hall. He was out of bed at once, and there he found Winnifred already on the stairs.

"Let's put on our bed-socks—cause we might want to stay down and talk with mamma a long time," said Joe.

"All right," said Winnifred. "I know just what to do now, don't you? I knew just as soon as the dark came," she added. "Yes, I knew when mother turned away to put out the light," said Joe. "I felt just as though I must tell." And then he took her hand and they went down the stairs together.

SOMETIME—SOMEWHERE.

A little boy was given a bulb to plant, and was told if he put it in the ground it would grow, and by and by he would have a beautiful flower.

He undertook the task with great delight, and promised blossoms to all his friends, but at the end of a week he came to his mother in sore disappointment. "The bulb isn't any good for anything," he said. "They told me it would grow and have pretty flowers, but it doesn't grow a bit, for I have dug it up every day to see."

Just such impatient gardeners are most of us in spiritual soil. We go to our Father with the complaining cry: "We have served God and kept his ordinances, and what are we profited by it?"

The dishonest ones get ahead faster, the careless ones are happier. Where are the promised rewards of righteousness—the fruits of obedience?

But the harvests of God ripen slowly, and the seed which is sown in the earth finds its perfection above the earth. Sometime, somewhere, whatsoever we have sown we shall surely reap.

"DROP A PRAYER IN, TOO."

"Was that your penny on the table Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday-school. "I saw it after you had gone, and I was afraid you had forgotten it." "Oh, no, grandma. Mine went into the box all safely. "Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no," said Susie. "I had nothing else to put in."

"Do you care what becomes of it?"

"Why, yes. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too? If every penny the school sends away carried a prayer with it, what a great amount of good would be done!"

"I'm going to remember," replied Susie, "and not let my penny go alone again."

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Esther.

"Half an hour's practice, then supper, then the dishes again. I do get so tired of doing the same things over and over. Just think! this is the seventeenth time I washed dishes this week. And each time just for the sake of using them and washing them again."

Her mother laid down the stocking she was darning.

"Yes," she said, "I suppose I have darned on an average two hundred and fifty pairs of stockings a year for twenty years, but I never stopped to count them up before. It isn't a good plan. Did you ever think what would happen if we all stopped doing things over and over?"

"Suppose all the house-mothers should suddenly rebel against cooking three meals every day, and only get a dinner once in a while when they feel like it? What a hungry world it would soon be!"

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR.

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war, how many schools and colleges followed popular boys whose hearts could be trusted? The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any will one day find himself possessing all sympathy. If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts and try to make you happy. That is what makes a popular boy.

CHINA'S FLAG.

The flag of China is one of the gayest among ensigns. The body of the flag is pale yellow. In the upper left hand corner is a small red sun. Looking intently at the sun is a fierce Chinese dragon. The dragon's belly is a brilliant red and white. His green back is covered with stiff knobs. He is standing on his two hind paws and the left forefoot. His feet are five-toed and slightly hooked. His long, five-forked tail stretches away in the rear. The dra-

"Or, suppose all the fathers should decide that it was too monotonous to go to business day after day. Pretty soon there would be no meals to get.

"If there were no teachers who were willing to teach the same things repeatedly to the different classes of pupils, no priest to preach Sunday after Sunday, and no doctors ready to cure our colds and fevers-year in and year out, what would become of us?"

"You see, home-keeping is not the only thing that is a constant repetition. Every one who is of real value in the world's work is following out the same rule of order and regularity. Nothing would be accomplished if each one did exactly as he pleased, without regard to the general plan."

A FISHING SPIDER.

A peculiar spider that is found in parts of South America, principally in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres, catches fish at certain seasons of the year. In a shallow part of the stream it weaves between the stones a double sided or funnel shaped net, into which, running upon the water, it drives little tadpoles, well known fishlike larvae of the frog. The shriveled husks or skins of these creatures, which lie strewn in great numbers about the spider's nest, show plainly that it thoroughly understands its business.

HIS CHOICE.

The good fairy brought an ingot of lead and an ingot of gold and laid them down before him.

"Choose," she said, simply. The child thought a moment and chose the lead.

"It's no heavier to carry, it's just as good to eat, and it won't make everybody hate you," quoth he.

The good fairy laughed. "You can be happy without any help from me," she chirped, and flew away.

A GOOD BEGINNING.

I know a little rosy-cheeked fellow who, I think, is beginning life aright. Every Saturday he does errands for a merchant, and receives a quarter of a dollar for his services.

Not long ago a large circus came to the town, and only the small boy who lives in a country town and sees very little in the way of amusement, can fully realize the great fascination of this entertainment.

Even the grown man cannot quite forget the thrill of excitement and pleasure which the parade and music and the crowd once gave him.

The merchant suspected the longing fellow's heart to see the circus. He had been a boy himself. So in the afternoon, about the time the performance should begin, he proposed to advance the twenty-five cents and let his young assistant, whom we will call Harry, enjoy a half holiday.

Henry seemed to be debating some question in his mind; but he took the quarter and thanked his employer for the half holiday.

In a short time, however, he came back and announced his intention of not going to the show, but of working the rest of the day.

The merchant felt some curiosity to know what reasons were sufficient to keep a small boy from a circus, when he had a quarter in his pocket and leave of absence from his employer, and so he asked the reason of this very unusual state of affairs.

"Well, you see," began Harry, in explanation, "it's just this way. I bought a lamb from pa some time ago, and I was to pay him for it in three months, and the three months have nearly passed and I haven't quite paid him, so I thought it would be a heap honest to give him the quarter and not go to the show."

A DANGER TO CHILDHOOD.

No mother would give her little one poison if she knew it, and yet all the so-called soothing syrups and many of the liquid medicines given children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose will kill. When a mother uses Baby's Own Tablets she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic, that it cannot possibly do harm. This assurance is worth much to the mother who cares for the safety of her little ones. Mrs. Ches. McLaughlin, DuBert Station, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for colic, stomach troubles and other ailments of childhood and find them as valuable that I would not be without them in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1906.

LYING DESPATCHES.

On Friday, May 4th, the Gazette, Star and Herald published a despatch purporting to come from Madrid, to the effect that a Jesuit priest, Pedro Morales, had been, while celebrating Mass, shot by another Jesuit priest named Martinez, and that after the shooting Martinez committed suicide. The senders of the important message were considerate enough to add that Martinez was probably insane. On the news bulletin at the Star's branch office on St. Catherine street this startling bit of news was announced thus: "One Jesuit priest murdered by another," and this was put forth in large red letters, red no doubt being considered most appropriate to depict so gory a tragedy. The announcement lapses into more sombre hue to say that "the assassin committed suicide."

Now, as a matter of fact there is no Jesuit priest named Pedro Morales in Spain at all, so that part of the story is false. This tragedy, according to the newspapers, took place in Murcia, which we have been unable to find either on the map or in the gazetteer, and in any case the Jesuits have no house in a place of that name. If Morales and Murcia are mythical, the foundation of the story disappears. It is, of course, the Associated Press agency that is first at fault, but when this source of news is so uniformly, and, perhaps, maliciously unreliable, as has been proved time and again, when Catholics and Catholic interests are at stake, it might suggest itself to reputable editors to sift such news when they can before publishing it, unless, indeed, as sometimes seems to be the case, they have the same prejudiced bitterness against the Church as seemingly has the Associated Press Agency itself. It is well that Catholic papers should advert to matters of this kind to put Catholics on their guard against the tactics of anti-Catholic newspapers which are so popular in our midst. The term anti-Catholic suits better than that of non-Catholic by which they go, for their attitude is not one of passive indifference, but rather of active hostility towards the Church.

CATHOLIC UNITY IN BRITAIN.

The extracts which we give below from the pronouncement of the English Catholic Hierarchy and the Catholic Education Council of England upon the Education Bill, to which we have already referred in these columns, are declarations of the strongest kind that the Catholic opi-

nion of Great Britain is resolutely opposed to the legislation proposed. The Catholic determination to fight the Bill from start to finish is given influence and force almost irresistible through the support of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The Irish members were invited by the Catholic leaders to participate in a demonstration of protest last Saturday and Mr. John Redmond at once accepted the invitation. The manner in which the united pressure of the Catholic electorate has been brought to bear upon this question proves the value of organization for the protection of Catholic interests. The Catholic Education Council is a body of clergy and laity representative of educational interests in every part of the country, and its voice united to that of the Hierarchy is further reinforced by the Catholic Truth Society, the annual meeting of which was chosen by the Archbishop of Westminster as the occasion for making his official pronouncement. This message says:

The Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster having most carefully considered the proposals made by the Government in the recently introduced Education Bill, are obliged to condemn them as fundamentally unjust (cheers).

1. Because the Bill gives to local authorities the right of control of religious teaching in public elementary schools, and the power of placing children under the continuous educational influence of those who may be indifferent or even hostile to the conscientious religious convictions of the parents of those children.

2. Because while generous provision is made for the children of those parents who are able conscientiously to accept for their children what is styled "simple Bible teaching," the provision made for the children of those who conscientiously regard such teaching as not only inadequate but absolutely unacceptable is quite insufficient, and inflicts upon such parents a very grievous civil disability solely upon the ground of their conscientious religious convictions.

3. Because the clause relating to endowments are such as to render it possible to confiscate and divert for uses to which they were never intended buildings and funds which owe their origin mainly to the desire of Catholics to provide for the teaching and maintenance of the Catholic faith.

The Bishops having received and considered the resolutions passed by the unanimous vote of the Catholic Education Council heartily approve and accept them, and order that they should be published, as they set forth in a more detailed manner the grave objections which the Bishops themselves have formulated against the proposals of the Government.

4. The Council places on record its high appreciation of the services rendered to Catholic education by the Catholic teachers, who have made great sacrifices of pay and position in the cause of religion, and condemns a measure which makes it possible for the local authorities to displace or exclude Catholic teachers from employment in Catholic schools.

5. The Council re-affirms its former resolution, "That no settlement of the education question can be accepted by Catholics which takes away from Catholic parents their right:

(a) To have for their children, Catholic schools in which the teachers shall be Catholics, and shall give definite religious instruction, under Catholic control, during school hours.

(b) To have these Catholic schools recognized and maintained, and the enlargement of existing schools sanctioned where the needs of the Catholic population so demand it.

"And declares that the present bill should be resisted at every stage."

This Catholic protest is one of the most remarkable incidents in British history since the Emancipation Bill, inasmuch as it makes absolutely good the claim of Catholic unity throughout England, Scotland and Ireland.

MATERIALISTIC INFINITY.

False principles give rise to numerous errors. These errors frequently affect the practical conduct

of life. Sometimes, however, they are concerned merely with the theoretical. A false theory of thought, for example, may undermine morality or wound religion in the very apple of its eye. On the other hand, its teaching may have a theoretical tinge which casts no shadow upon the ground of life. Infinity is one of those many-sided notions whose reality must be admitted by all, but whose attributes can be explained by none. When the home and sanctuary of thought in the strict sense of the term is taken to be the imagination and not the faculty of the intellect, then infinity becomes identical with indefinite, or absolutely incomprehensible and unreal. Either view gives a misconception of God. The former misapprehends God. The latter admitting the incomprehensibility of God rapidly grows confused, and terminates by dismissing the notion altogether as untenable or as unknowable. Thus does a false theory develop atheism or agnosticism. It makes little difference which: you pay your money and you take your choice. Either of them contains enough poison to destroy the truth. And both have produced generations of false teachers.

The idea of infinity regards also the universe. Before touching upon this point let us be clear about the notion itself. Infinity is what is not finite. It is the unmeasured, immense, limitless—more than an ocean without a shore, an uninterminated line whose other end is in distance unknown. Reason cannot explain it or imagination sketch its fancy figure. Admit its reality and bow before its measureless magnitude every finite intelligence must if thought means anything at all. Is this infinity an attribute of the material universe? Theories have swayed from yes to no according to the notion of the infinite. Lately, claims the Literary Digest, belief in the limited nature of the material universe has gained much ground. One powerful argument in favor of this view is an astronomical phenomenon. If the universe were infinite the heavens would be a uniform blaze of light. This theory has been attacked upon the ground that in assuming that the stars are all equally bright and that there is nothing in space to stop light is assuming too much. Whilst the stars might be equal, all their light does not reach the earth. Nor are the stars all of one kind; for they differ in physical properties. Nevertheless whilst this view of a limited universe is not based upon the amount of light which reaches the earth it is grounded upon a sure foundation. Astronomy undoubtedly throws open to the gaze the magnificent, the sublime and the vastly extended, where the beauty and greatness of God's works are spread out as a tent. But a bound is set to them and a limit. The grains of sand are numbered, the sun is weighed and the distance of the stars computed. All material is limited. Indefinite it may be, infinite it cannot be. The mind comes in its march to the end of the finite. There it pauses. Beyond lies the infinite—incomprehensible, inexpressible. The works may be sounded and admired. Above them, infinitely above them, in the majesty of His power and wisdom sits enthroned their author and Creator—the only Infinite, the unbounded object of our knowledge, faith and worship. How true are the words of the mother of Macchabees, after we have read astronomy or a theory of the universe: "Look, my son, upon heaven and earth; and consider that God made them and mankind also."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Irishmen of Montreal will be pleased to learn that Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is making an interesting visit to Ireland. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says of him:

"One of the most distinguished of Irish Canadians is just now on a visit to the Old Country—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, the President of the Canadian Pacific. It is one of the little ironies of Irish industrial history that while no Irishman is thought capable of managing any

of the principle companies at home, the head of one of the greatest transit systems in the world—one that with its connections circles the globe—should belong to the Greater Ireland. The growth and development of Canada and Canadian trade owe more to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy than to any other individual living. He is making "the great lone land" begin to hum, and has pushed out the arms of Canada until they reach to Australasia on the one side and England on the other; while Japan and China are linked at Singapore with another of his ramifications. Irish-Canadians say that the President of the Canadian Pacific is as good an Irishman as a Canadian. His present visit to Ireland is understood to be a flying visit; but he is taking advantage of it to see the beauties of Kerry and Limerick, the Irish counties from whose sound old stock he derives."

Mr. Charles Devlin, M.P., has done many good things for Canada since he took his seat in the Imperial Parliament. Not the least of his services is his recent protest against the statements made by the Hon. John Dryden, the Canadian member of the Committee on Agriculture, in an interview published in the press. Mr. Devlin, in this connection, says: "Mr. Dryden, although he is a competent authority in regard to agriculture and has done a vast deal for the agriculture of his own province, has made statements which I am perfectly satisfied will cause the deepest resentment among the Irishmen of Canada. On his own admission, all he knows of Irish agriculture or of Ireland he learned from Sir Horace Plunkett's book—which by the way, seems to have been placed in his hands with suspicious promptitude—and on the strength of the knowledge so acquired he says the Irish people lack enthusiasm—presumably for agriculture. Mr. Dryden should have waited before he committed himself to such a declaration, the source of which could be easily detected, even if he had omitted to announce it. Irishmen, he presumably means, have no enthusiasm for agriculture in comparison with the people of his own province of Ontario—where the farmers own their own land and have always owned it, where they have had the enjoyment of immense grants from the local and even the Federal Legislature in aid of agriculture—where indeed, they have been overladen with prizes and incentives to utilize their land in the most scientific way. In Ireland, of which Mr. Dryden knows only what he has learned from Sir Horace Plunkett, the farmer has not owned his land, has been grossly rackrented, and subjected to landlord oppression and exaction in every form, and yet the Irish tenant has never been driven to let go his hold of the land—an evidence of enthusiasm for the land that Mr. Dryden may be satisfied is certainly not second to any shown by the farmers of Ontario."

Though Mr. Dryden denies the interview, Mr. Devlin is making the matter the subject of a question in the House of Commons.

Great progress has been made with the erection of the Cardinal Newman Memorial Church at the Oratory, Edgbaston, which was laid two years ago by Dr. Daley, the Catholic Bishop of Birmingham. The nave of the new edifice has just been completed, and the Oratory congregation must now remove to temporary premises. The farewell service in the historic church, which was founded by the eminent Cardinal in 1837, took place on the evening of Low Sunday, and the handsome new nave will be formally opened at the end of July. The Oratory at Edgbaston has been rendered famous by the life-work of Cardinal Newman, who wrote in that retreat his "Apologia," and also his vindication of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, which he dedicated to the Duke of Norfolk, a former Oratorian pupil.

His Lordship Bishop Howley, of Newfoundland, who was in the city this week, expressed himself as strongly in favor of Newfoundland coming into the Dominion, and considers it most deplorable that the politicians have succeeded in so blinding the people of the colony to the benefits of union. The people, he says, in no way realize how far behind they are in the march of progress. He warmly defends, however, the Newfoundland system of separate schools.



Royal Household Flour

out of the wrong kind of wheat any more than you can make the right kind of bread or pastry out of the wrong kind of flour. Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour is made from hard spring wheat—a wheat that is rich in nutriment, that grinds fine and white, and produces bread and pastry that are wholesome and nourishing as well as light and crisp—it's a flour that begins to be good in the wheat fields, not in the mills.



Some Reasons why People Drink.

Many reasons are given for people using strong drink, but I will mention only a few of them. Some people drink to drown their sorrows. Do they really accomplish their end by so doing? I think not. The following story is worth recording: One day last week the New York Sun had an account of a man whose wife died, and left him so lonely that he tried to drown his sorrow in drink. Of course, sorrow can't be drowned in drink any more than fire can be put out by pouring kerosene oil on it. But this man didn't think of that, and so he kept on drinking until one day he fell and broke his ankle. They took him to Bellevue Hospital on July 3 in a bad way from the ankle and too much alcohol. He had three children, two boys and a girl, the eldest eleven years. Every visiting night they went to Bellevue, and stayed with him as long as they could, cheering him up and telling him it wouldn't be long before he was well and out of the hospital.

The father, now thoroughly sorry for his drunkenness, told them he would never drink another drop, and that he would do his best to be mother and father to them. On the night of July 15 the children were there. "I want you to promise me," said the father, "that none of you will ever take a drop of liquor. Do that now, like good children." They promised, and they hadn't any more than promised before the father closed his eyes and died. Superintendent Rickard did what he could to quiet the grief of the children, the Sun says, but without much success.

Other people say they drink to have a good time. For a moment's pleasure such people suffer hours and days of torture. Violent headaches, loss of appetite and trembling hands form the part of a chain of misery which the drunkard has now to bear for drinking poison. Others again drink because they say that drink is food. There is no nourishment, or scarcely any, in strong drink. A gallon of ale costing 40c does not contain as much nourishment as a 4c loaf. Baron Von Leibig has shown that there is more nourishment in one bushel of barley than in 12,000 gallons of beer. People think because liquor deadens the feeling of hunger, which is a very different thing from satisfying hunger, as food does, that liquor is food.

Another class of people drink because they say that liquor keeps the body warm. The feeling of warmth so produced very soon dies away and the body becomes much colder than before. This truth is practically illustrated by the fact that it is found very dangerous to take strong drink when travelling in cold countries as it increases the cold of the body still more.

Let us be on our guard against the foe of strong drink. A sound body means a sound mind. "Though not to drink inclined, Take the pledge, For the sake of human kind, Take the pledge; Let your bright example show, You can lawful things bring, To subdue the common foe, Take the pledge."

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IMPROVED machinery will not, of itself, produce good flour.

You may be an excellent cook, but you cannot produce light, wholesome baking unless the flour you use be the kind that permits such results.

So in the milling, machinery alone cannot produce

Your grocer prefers to sell you Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour because he knows the value of a pleased customer.

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"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 180 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

If you wish to save your soul, Keep the pledge; And to reach the happy goal, Keep the pledge; If you wish to mortify All your vices, and to fly To a throne of bliss on high, Keep the pledge." FRANCIS RYAN.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

The Value of Meditation

(From the New World.) Many a time we have heard persons say that when they were utterly fatigued and almost on the verge of nervous prostration from the strenuous work and harrowing worry of the bustling life of Chicago, they have derived an unspeakable restfulness and calm of soul from passing a few minutes in a Catholic church. The perfect stillness of the place, the sanctuary flame symbolizing the love in the hearts of the parishioners for Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, that vivid sense of the Real Presence which never deserts the Catholic mind, invite to quiet and holy contemplation. But even Protestants feel the spell of the situation. The influence of meditation on all the powers of the mind and indirectly on the nervous system can scarcely be exaggerated. Some Hindoo sages who visited this country a few years ago declared with astonishment that the American people had evidently no inner life at all. They said that it was an invariable part of their daily round of duties to spend an hour in profound meditation. Cardinal Newman, in the evening of his life, confessed that his intellectual powers had been marvellously strengthened after his conversion by the habitual practice of daily meditation in the Oratory of which he was a member.

Head of the Jesuits

Rev. Ruggaro Freddi, S.J., has been made Vicar General of the Jesuits and will act as the head of the order until a successor to the late Father Martin is appointed. Father Freddi's life work has been the reformation of boys and youthful criminals.

The election of a Superior General for the Jesuits will probably not occur for some time. First will come the proclamation by the Vicar General of the date of the convention which is to choose the head of the order. Each of the twenty-three provinces has two delegates besides the provincial or head of the province. There are in the United States two Jesuit provinces, and consequently the United States will send to this convention, which will meet in Rome, six delegates. It will be a large convention. In addition to the sixty-nine provincial delegates, there will be enough ex-officio delegates to bring the membership of the convention up to about 100. The time of the meeting will probably be several months distant.

CANCER OF THE BOWLS

Stett & Jary, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadian who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Cases of the

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ARCHBISHOP AT ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

His Grace Archbishop paid his first visit to St. Anthony's parish on Saturday morning. He administered the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, and after a short stay, he had made his first confession.

REQUIEM SERVICE.

On Saturday morning St. Anthony's Juvenile Society held a special service for the repose of the soul of the late Master John Bernard. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Thomas F. Heffernan, D.D., of the Society. The juvenile society sang the Gregorian chant, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the service was sung.

PRELATES MET IN YESTERDAY

Catholic prelates from Canada were in session yesterday to discuss church and to arrange the date of the meeting of the first plenary council to be held in the Dominion. Among those in attendance were: Archbishop Bruchesi, Archbishop Langevin, St. Anthony's, St. Charles, St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Vincent, St. James, St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. George, St. Andrew, St. Nicholas, St. Basil, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John the Evangelist, St. Peter the Apostle, St. Paul the Apostle, St. James the Apostle, St. Andrew the Apostle, St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Philip the Apostle, St. Bartholomew the Apostle, St. Matthew the Apostle, St. Mark the Apostle, St. Luke the Apostle, St. John the Evangelist, St. Peter the Apostle, St. Paul the Apostle, St. James the Apostle, St. Andrew the Apostle, St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Philip the Apostle, St. Bartholomew the Apostle, St. Matthew the Apostle, St. Mark the Apostle, St. Luke the Apostle, St. John the Evangelist, St. Peter the Apostle, St. Paul the Apostle, St. James the Apostle, St. Andrew the Apostle, St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Philip the Apostle, St. 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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ARCHBISHOP AT ST. AGNES CHURCH.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi paid his first visit to St. Agnes parish on Saturday morning and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation. After Confirmation His Grace administered the pledge of total abstinence to the boys who had made their first communion.

REQUIEM SERVICE.

On Saturday morning, May 5th, St. Anthony's Juvenile Temperance Society held a special requiem service for the repose of the soul of Master John Bernard Duggan, the first member of the Society to die. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, director of the Society. The juvenile choir rendered the Gregorian service impressively. The offertory piece and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" at the end of the service were feelingly sung.

PRELATES MET IN CAPITAL YESTERDAY.

Catholic prelates from all parts of Canada were in session at Ottawa yesterday to discuss church matters and to arrange the date for the assembling of the first Plenary Council to be held in the Dominion. Among those in attendance were: Archbishop Bruchesi, Montreal; Archbishop Langevin, St. Boniface; Archbishop Gauthier, Kingston; Archbishop O'Connor, Toronto; Archbishop Orth, Victoria, and Bishop Cameron, of Antigonish, N.S.

ST. ANTHONY'S JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Sunday afternoon the first reunion of St. Anthony's Juvenile Temperance Society took place, at which sixty new members were initiated. A fine musical programme was rendered. Masters Francis and Russell Lavallee gave two fine solos; recitations by Masters Raymond McDonnell, Francis McDonnell, Thomas O'Shaughnessy and Russell Lavallee, essays by Masters Francis Ryan and Leonard McGrath, and choruses by the choir. Rev. Father Heffernan made a lengthy speech on the evil effects of intemperance on character building, and hoped that all would do their best to build up St. Anthony's Juvenile Society. Two hundred members were present.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

Yesterday, while on a visit to the studio of Mr. P. J. Gordon, on St. Catherine street west, your correspondent met with a surprise as pleasing as it was unexpected, in the form of two beautiful photos, one of the Rev. Father Harty, who lately made a passing tour in favor of the completion of the Memorial Church in the birthplace of Ireland's great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, and the other that of one who has proven himself a near and dear friend to a great many in our city, viz., the Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. of St. Patrick's.

The former picture is destined to be taken to Ireland, and may disappear any day, but the latter will remain with us, to, in all probability, grace a conspicuous place in St. Patrick's House, where it will be a lasting memorial and pleasing remembrance of the one whom it so truly represents for many years to come. It would be unfair in us were we not to say, also, that much credit is due the artist for his success in those grand productions, calculated, as they are, to keep alive in the hearts of all who know them a feeling of love and veneration for two very deserving members of our Irish clergy.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert given to the sailors and their friends on last evening, was furnished under the auspices of the Club, properly so-called. Mr. B. McNally occupied the chair. Considering the weather, the condition of the roads and that we are still only writing for the second concert of the year, everything bids fairly for as successful a season as any yet witnessed by the institution.

The programme was well carried out. Special mention is due to Miss O'Brien, Ferguson and Coleman, and Messrs. Farrell, Reid, Hordan, McQuibban, Macdonald, Langton and McNeil for the manner in

which they performed their various parts.

We would certainly be overlooking a very important part of the proceedings, as well as a pleasing surprise given to many of those present, if we omitted the names of two old-time friends and hard, earnest workers, viz., Messrs. Chrimes and Mallone, who again made their appearance in the old precincts, determined to keep alive the old friendship, of such a long and well-earned standing.

On the whole the evening was a most pleasing and enjoyable one, and bids fairly for a season of unsurpassed success, for which, be it said in passing, our hopes are as ardent as it is possible to entertain for the furtherance of the grand and noble object of this institution.

MAY DAY FESTIVAL.

Last Thursday morning the pupils of the Belmont School, Guy street, held their May Day festival and a special reception in honor of the Rev. Cure Corbell, of St. Joseph's Church, it being the anniversary of the pastor. The programme was a lengthy and varied one, consisting of pretty solos and choruses, declamations in French and English, calisthenic exercises and the granting of merit cards and medals. Master Maurice Barbe presented the reverend guest with a beautiful bouquet.

The work of the school choir under the direction of Prof. J. A. Archambault was excellent, the voices blending beautifully and the selections given with much spirit. The recitations of Masters Raymond, Francis and George McDonnell in "Studying History," "Our Native Land," and "Our Heroes"; Master Harry Nevin in "The Rose and the Lily," Edmund Beriau in "Allain's Choice," and Master Aime Cote and A. Dube in other selections, and the work of Prof. Scott's gymnastic class in their pyramids and other intricate movements formed special features of the proceedings. The cure was presented by the Principal, Mr. J. V. Deslauriers, with an address dealing with the good work of the pastor while in St. Joseph's parish, and the interest taken in the Belmont school. In his reply Father Corbell praised the work of the school, the professors and pupils and was glad to see that physical culture was being taught.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

A great change has taken place in the Home since the coming of the Misses Brennan, who are heart and soul in the grand work, and although but a week under the new management, the appearance of the institution has considerably altered. An addition will soon be made to the premises which will give the boys an amusement hall and dining room, leaving the apartments now occupied as such to be used as parlor and reception room. Father Holland wishes to buy about thirty new iron bedsteads and mattresses to replace the second-hand ones, which, on account of the scarcity of funds, are doing duty at present; the wooden cots are falling asunder and it is time for a change. The new beds and mattresses will cost about five dollars each, and will be named after a saint, the choice of the donor, and the boy who will occupy the bed will make it a duty to pray in a special manner for the welfare of the kind reader who will present it, and who will please take the hint: the address is 396 Wellington street. If the beds can be bought for less than five dollars, the matron will keep the change for other purchases, for there are many things wanted in the Home.

The following donations are most thankfully acknowledged: M. J. Walsh, M.P.P., five dollars; Miss Mullaney, two dollars; Mrs. Ogilvy and a friend, one dollar each; Mr. Farnborough, a rubber stamp; a friend in the name of St. Anthony (in all probability a Knight of Columbus, as the envelope was sent from Mr. Foster's barber shop) four dollars; Margaret Scannell, Swanton, Vt., one dollar; Mrs. Irwin, Ottawa st., a parcel of clothing; Mr. Muir and Mr. J. Tucker, a setting box each. The moving of Miss Brennan's household furniture was done by Mr. D. Donnelly, the wagon furnished by Messrs. Cunningham & Wells, all gratis.

LOYOLA COLLEGE.

On last Thursday evening a public oratorical contest took place in the College Hall of Loyola. Seven members of the Eloquence Class, which has been during the year under the able direction of Prof. John P. Stephen, entered the lists. Their names and subjects were as follows: George Boyce, '08, "A Plea for Separate Schools"; Raymond O'Leary, '06, "National Moderation"; Patrick Coughlin, '07, "Socialism"; John Davis, '07, "Champlain"; John T. Hackett, '06, "A Factor in National Greatness"; Chester Regan, '06, "Canada's Attitude Towards Britain"; and George Vanier, '06, "Sir John Thompson." The judges for the occasion were Mr. Justice Doherty, Henry Kavanagh, Esq., K.C., and Edmund Guerin, Esq., K.C. Owing to Mr. Guerin's unavoidable absence his place was taken by Prof. Stephen, who also acted as chairman. The hall was well filled with friends of the institution, comprising the elite of the English-speaking Catholic society of Montreal.

All seven competitors spoke eloquently and well, showing a thorough acquaintance with the subjects treated, and a maturity of mind not usual in men so young. The compositions from first to last were original and evoked the admiration and applause of the appreciative audience. After the last speech the judges retired for consultation, and on returning to the hall announced that the prize had been awarded to Mr. John T. Hackett, and that Messrs. Coughlin and Vanier were honorably mentioned. Judge Doherty, in making known the decision of the judges, said it was no easy matter to decide where the work of each was so good, and took occasion to remark that each speaker spoke because he had something useful to say, something really worth saying.

The whole contest was a splendid proof of the thoroughness of the educational work done at Loyola, and served to show that the English Catholics of Montreal have in their midst a classical school of which they may be justly proud, and of which they should take full advantage. At the close the Rector made a few well chosen remarks, and Father O'Meara, a warm friend of Loyola, practical man that he is, generously donated ten dollars towards a prize fund. An evening such as was spent at Loyola on Thursday last cannot but do good to boys, parents and College alike.

We must not fail to mention that during the evening Mrs. Edward Furlong Schmidt sang three beautiful songs, with her usual cultured excellence. Miss Donovan, organist of St. Anthony's Church, accompanied the songs and played three classical selections in her well known artistic style.

President Suspenders, Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK McALEER.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Patrick McAleer, of Hemmingford, Que., son of the late Mr. Arthur McAleer, who was one of the pioneers of that flourishing township. The name of McAleer has been associated with national and religious progress in Canada from the early days of immigration to our shores, and we can truly state in this sketch that the good old Irish name has left its impress on the sands of time. The subject of this obituary was a resident all his life of Hemmingford, and was foremost in everything that tended to advance the interests of his native town. Mr. Patrick McAleer was known throughout the province as a large-hearted Irish-Canadian, deeply interested in the cause of Home Rule for Ireland. The fire of enthusiasm was strong in the descendant of an Irishman who landed in Canada in the year 1823 and who passed away at the age of 81 years, leaving a proud record in his adopted country. The late Mr. Patrick McAleer was 68 years at the time of his death, and he leaves to mourn their loss a loving wife and a daughter and two sons. The McAleer family have been life-long subscribers to The True Witness, and we offer to their family our sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restores the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is try Bickle's Syrup.

IN MEMORIAM.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN. Sacred to the memory of husband and father, Mr. Peter Dunn, who departed this life May 9, 1905. A native of Queen's Co., Ireland. R. I. P. Services at his parish church, St. Joachim.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

May 9, 1906.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.25; and straight rollers, \$3.85 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.80 to \$1.90; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50.

Rolled Oats—\$2.00 to \$2.10 per bags 90 or 98 lbs.

Cornmeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary, \$1.50 for granulated.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$20; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20; shorts, \$21.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 41¢ per bushel; No. 3, 40¢; No. 4, 39¢.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel.

Potatoes—65c to 70c per bag.

Beans—Prime pea beans, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80 per bushel.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7½c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c.

Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 9c to 10c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$22.50; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7½c to 7½c; Canadian pure lard, 11½c to 12½c; kettle rendered, 12½c to 13½c; hams, 13½c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 15½c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.25; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.75 for selects.

Eggs—New laid, 15½c to 16c per dozen.

Butter—Choice creamery, 18½c to 19c.

Cheese—Colored, 10½c to 10½c; white, 11c to 11½c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.25 to \$5.37½; seconds, \$4.75; thirds, \$3.70; fourths, \$6.50 to \$6.75 per hundred pounds.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The tone of the local egg market is unchanged and prices hold firm at 15½c to 16c per dozen. There is a fair enquiry reported and receipts are well up to the average.

The market for maple products is holding firm and there is a good demand reported for both syrup and sugar. Syrup in bulk is quoted at 6c to 6½c per pound, and in 9 lb. tins at 60c to 65c each. Maple sugar is worth 9c to 10c per pound according to quality.

Honey is quiet with no change in prices to report and a market that shows signs of weakness on account of the dull demand. White clover comb honey is worth 13c to 13½c per one-pound section, and buckwheat is quoted at 10c to 11c; extract are worth 7c to 7½c for white, and 5½c to 6c per pound for buckwheat.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Local dealers report an active demand for butter, and a steady trade with retailers and consumers, as well as a small volume of export business. Prices are about steady at 18c to 18½c for the best grades and from 17c to 17½c for medium and fine goods.

The cheese market is unchanged, but the scarcity of the offerings of white cheese has put the values for that grade on a rather fictitious basis. Colored cheese of the best grade produced in the west-to-day are selling at 10½c to 10½c, but white cheese are bringing over 11c, and the price is only limited by the individual circumstances of the sales; if the buyer really wants the goods he has to pay the price for it, as there are no surplus stocks on the market offering in competition.

The Effect of Alcohol on the Human Race.

There is nothing which destroys the vitality of man more quickly than alcohol. Alcohol, or strong drink is the cause of poverty, crime, madness, accidents and disease.

A great amount of wretchedness among a large number of families in the city as well as elsewhere is due either directly or indirectly to drunken habits. Visit the home of the drunkard, and the wretched condition of the place tells what one of the devil's special agents, liquor, has done to make life miserable and increase its pains a hundred fold.

See the good wife, once the picture of health and happiness, but now slowly pining away in the chains of misery, being brought to an early grave through the troubles

Advertisement for R. J. Latimer & Co. featuring an image of a horse-drawn wagon and text describing their stock and delivery services. Text includes: "We have in stock and sell nearly anything to run on wheels. Light and heavy, one and two horse farm and lumber wagons, Dump Carts, Farmers and Merchants' Express and Delivery Wagons, Speeding and Road Carts, Open and Covered single and double seated buggies and traps. Also a full line of Pony Rigs. First class goods, well made, durable in every way, fully guaranteed. No better, no cheaper for cash can be bought. No agents, no commissions, every buyer his own agent. Buy direct and get lowest prices." R. J. LATIMER & CO. 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET MONTREAL.

J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST. W.

Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations. MISSIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2788.

J. J. M. Landy, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

In his woe and distress can the drunkard cry out: "Ah, drink! how soon you made me poor, You wasted all my wealth; And what to me is sadder far. You robbed me of my health. "Drink! You left me poor and naked, You stole away my purse; I've no one now to pity me, But injured ones to curse. "Drink! All life to me was gladness Until I saw your face; But now my lot is bitterness, Dishonor and disgrace." Strong drink is the hot-bed of nearly all the vices of every kind which exist in our cities and towns. Many judges have said that but for drink they would have little to do. Of those sent to prison for committing crimes, nine out of ten have been led to commit them, in one way or other, through strong drink. "Oh, see the mighty tide, Of sorrows deep and wide, Which flows on every side; From strong drink."

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Premises lately occupied by D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Toronto, Ont.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB

ALL SAILORS WELCOME Concert every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a. m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m. On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m.

ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Montreal Bridge & Terminal Company for the election of Directors, passing of By-laws, and transaction of general business will be held at noon on Wednesday, the 30th May next, 1906, at the Company's office, No. 8 Beaver Hall Square, in the City of Montreal. Dated at Montreal, this 30th day of April, 1906. C. A. SARA, Secretary.

COWAN'S COCOA GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

"And Heaven will bless your endeavor, And kingdoms will publish your praise, And the Lord will protect you for ever, And grant you a fulness of days. "Then on, with the banner before us, On, on to the battle, nor shrink, Till we free the dear country that bore us, From the soul-slaying demon of drink." LEONARD McGRATH. (Aged 14).



The Meaning of Pain.

(The Outlook, London.) Next year we will be celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the use of chloroform as an anesthetic by Sir J. Simpson, in Edinburgh, and the consequent reduction by an incalculable amount of the sum total of human suffering.

It is now a well-established conclusion of science that the higher we rise in the scale of nervous organization the greater the possibilities of pain. It is part of the price we have had to pay for the more evolved life.

Make your Home Fireproof

Metal Walls and Ceilings are fireproof. Leading insurance companies recognize this, and make their premiums 1/3 LESS on homes constructed of metal.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the casual, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the long-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchinson, 126 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and have on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

tion as to the diminished power of enduring suffering. It is one of the commonest popular errors about pain that it increases in proportion to the extent of the injury. The relatively small but intensely local sensation of toothache before mentioned is often felt more than the pain caused by a larger injury.

One pain is lessened by another's anguish.

In the same way an intense pain proceeding from a small local seat of injury tends to be lost in the presence of a large volume of sensation of lower intensity but proceeding from a greater number of points at once.

Make your Home Fireproof

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True Story of Evangeline

L. E. Oallouet, in an article in St. Mary's Sentinel, tells the true story of Acadian love on which Longfellow based his immortal poem "Evangeline" as it is preserved in the traditions of the exiled Acadians who settled in Louisiana. Evangeline was supposed to be the prototype of Emeline Labiche, an orphan girl who was betrothed to Louis Arceaneux, a deserving swain of the village.

So they set out on their uncertain journey to Louisiana, where reports had it that some Acadians had settled, and after a long march they reached the Tennessee river. Here a rude boat was constructed and they floated down the Tennessee to the Ohio and into the Mississippi, drifting at last as far as Bayou Plaque-mine, where they landed and were welcomed by the Acadians.

Such is the tragic story. To this day in the town of St. Martinville, on the banks of the Teche, there rears its massive form skyward an enormous live oak, with wide spreading branches, to which the citizens of the quaint town point with pride as the "Evangeline Oak."

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUFFERING

An Ontario Farmer Finds a Cure at Last in Dodd's Kidney Pills

The Direct Cause of His trouble was a strain in the back which affected his kidneys - Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him.

Ardoch, Ont., May 7-(Special)-Mr. Ami Joannet, of this place, gives a very interesting account of his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "I hurt my back and strained my kidneys and for 18 years I suffered on and off intense agony."

Received into the Church.

Immediately after the closing of the forty hours' devotion at St. Francis' Church, Portland, Ore., a few days ago, Prof. Edward Smith, of Columbia University, was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Francis J. Phelan, O.S.C. Mr. Smith made the profession of faith and received conditional baptism.

Servant (to lady inquiring).—"He is very ill, m'm." Christian Science Lady.—"I'm grieved—but you ought to say 'He thinks he's very ill.'" Servant (two days later, to same lady again inquiring).—"If you please, m'm, he thinks he's dead."

Evolution of Christianity.

(Francis K. Murphy, M.D.) Groping amidst things material, man would ever seek to discover the origin and nature of the vital, the spiritual. Discoveries of Evolutionists, recent and passed, made upon this basis, would seem to establish certain physical relationships between man and the lower animals.

And I ask why should things not be found to be identical when they are identical. Why should not sodium-chloride found upon the sea shore be identical with chloride of sodium found upon the inland mountain top? Thus groping amidst things material, man would ever seek to discover the origin and the nature of the vital, the spiritual.

A Catholic Fellow.

Among the Catholics who have distinguished themselves this year at the English Universities are Mr. Jerome Farrell, who has just won a classical fellowship at Cambridge worth \$1000 a year for six years with board and residence; and Mr. Valentine O'Connell Miley, who has gained a mathematical scholarship worth \$400 a year at Oxford.

Something More Than a Purgative. To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Paramee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committees meet last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. F. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, J. H. Kelly; Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Inglis Building) 2881 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 8th Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Kiloran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malcom; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 14 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McCallis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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CHAPTER XXII.—

"That is he," said a Russian, a count, a rank at the embassy, some, witty, good-humored, and his voice spoke when they entered Russian count, was a lady's bidding, Florin the young man whom in the hotel in conversation the stranger.

"Count Vladimir Hon. Florian Wallace. The gentleman bowed with a graceful light assumption that took of storm, offered his hand pressed Florian's.

"Now you are all said Barbara, leaving you shall be rivals graces!" "There are so many count, 'Mr. Wallace, desiring to know you since it came to me to you a wonderful noble Russian family—royal connections, in likeness is very exact."

"You surprise me," who was not at all thought of saying, me," but he believed, publican sternness, the other way. "It the noble family, I know an American of them by personal resemblance."

"Your resemblance is and exact to the Prince Oracov," the count said. "If there were I acquainted with him that you for him, but that fight."

"I may be an offshoot mother came from Ireland doubt Russians emigrate some time. We are de princes, I know." "Yes, the Irish are more so than other island being small, I word prince having tida. You were born try, air?"

"Oh yes, and nursed into Yankee notions." "They are very elastic notions," said the you call the pretty h Merriam, a Yankee not "The term is hard way," Florian answered, at this rather ridiculous. "But you seem Merriam of an elastic "She is a fine woman but it is hard for us her. We know two men in Europe—the very bad. It is easy the class. Not so with rican ladies. Your coat is elastic. It is a Y "Purely," said Florian the drift of the count would hardly suit the mate."

The count shook laughed at the idea. "Yet it is very amusing. There is a fine uncertainty and it sharpens the derfully."

"Of course you do," said Florian of years at Paris." "There are opportunities everywhere, my fewer they are the more of them. I enjoy my not haunted by a foolish to save me from irreligion, yet who d the ocean. Then the things new. Oh, it me, and I have been They tell me you are ing men, Mr. Wallace "Gradually rising," rian. "I have the W view."

"Four years of mouthful. Bah! I g for years like giant place. I had rather a little village than you were offered a p tomorrow and the Pre same moment, which be the nearest to ch "That which is p Florian, gravely, "o we never have perpe this country."

"I know. I referre tried. Suppose you some distant noble land?" "An earthen wou count," said Florian why the gay attach

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SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"That is he," said Barbara; "he is a Russian, a count, and holds first rank at the embassy. He is handsome, witty, good-humored, talented, and his voice speaks for itself."

"Count Vladimir Behrenski—the Hon. Florian Wallace."

The gentleman bowed low, and, with a graceful lightness and presumption that took one's heart by storm, offered his hand and warmly pressed Florian's.

"Now you are already friends," said Barbara, leaving them, "and you shall be rivals in my good graces!"

"There are so many," said the count, "Mr. Wallace, I have been desiring to know you this long time, since it came to me that I saw in you a wonderful resemblance to a noble Russian family—a family of royal connections, in truth. The likeness is very clear and very exact."

"You surprise me," said Florian, who was not at all surprised. He thought of saying, "You flatter me," but he believed, with true republican sternness, that facts lay the other way.

"Your resemblance is so very close and exact to the Prince Louis of Cracow," the count said meditatively. "If there were Russians here acquainted with him they would take you for him, but that his hair is light."

"I may be an offshoot, count. My mother came from Ireland, and no doubt Russians emigrated thither some time. We are descended from princes, I know."

"Yes, the Irish are a princely race, more so than other Europeans—the island being small, I think, and the word prince having a wide application. You were born in this country, sir?"

"Oh yes, and nursed and educated into Yankee notions."

"They are very elastic, these Yankee notions," said the count. "Would you call the pretty hostess, Mrs. Merriion, a Yankee notion?"

"The term is hardly used that way," Florian answered, hesitatingly, at this rather ridiculous application. "But you seem to think Mrs. Merriion of an elastic disposition."

"She is a fine woman, delightful; but it is hard for us to understand her. We know two classes of women in Europe—the very good, the very bad. It is easy to tell at once the class. Not so with your American ladies. Your code of manners is elastic. It is a Yankee notion."

"Purely," said Florian, uneasy at the drift of the count's remarks, "it would hardly suit the Russian climate."

The count shook his head and laughed at the idea.

"Yet it is very amusing at first. There is a fine uncertainty about it, and it sharpens the faculties wonderfully."

"Of course you do not like Washington," said Florian, "after a term of years at Paris."

"There are opportunities for pleasure everywhere, my dear sir. The fewer they are the more we make of them. I enjoy myself, and I am not haunted by a fond mother anxious to save me from dissipation and irreligion, yet who dares not cross the ocean. Then there are so many things new. Oh, it is pleasant to me, and I have been here two years. They tell me you are one of the rising men, Mr. Wallace?"

"Gradually rising," laughed Florian. "I have the White House in view."

"Four years of power—just a mouthful. Bah! And you strive for years like giants to get the place. I had rather be a count over a little village than such a man. If you were offered a principality tomorrow and the Presidency at the same moment, which to you would be the nearest to choose?"

"That which is perpetual," said Florian, gravely. "Of course. But we never have perpetual power in this country."

"I know. I referred to other countries. Suppose you were heir to some distant noble family of Ireland?"

earnest; but Vladimir was smiling carelessly at a dame passing. "You look as if you were beginning to feel that ennui which pleasure-seekers suffer from."

"I?" cried the count, starting. "That is the last thing which will reach this effervescent soul of mine. It is the presence of grave greatness like yours which throws a shadow over me. I am always gay. Ah, Mr. Wallace, living on ambition as you do, it is not to you a real pleasure to be always gay. You are up and down as the game goes. I am always up."

"How about the little monitor here?" said Florian, tapping his breast. "Does conscience never trouble you with the thought that up-ness here means down-ness somewhere else?"

"Never. My conscience is my slave. It belongs to me. Shall it dare speak without permission? But tell me, sir, will you accompany us to-morrow to the services of Strongford's death? He was a Methodist, but you are not so strict, so bigoted, as to refuse so plain a favor. Will you not come?"

"If you wish it, count. I am not so bigoted or so narrow."

He stopped, his face whitened and his jaw fell. At the window near which they stood appeared the cold outlines of the haunting face, its cruelty outlining itself so sharply and suddenly on the pane as to overwhelm him with terror. He recovered himself speedily, but did not finish the sentence.

"What's the matter?" said the count, with much sympathy.

"Oh! a weakness of mine," said Florian. "You will excuse me for a time, count, until I have recovered myself."

The count bowed, and Florian went silently out into the garden and strode along the bare walk, hot from anger one moment, shivering from terror the next. It was plain the face was haunting him, and for what purpose? Why he more than another, and why should he be compelled to such a display of emotion by the mere sight of a face seen a dozen times in a few weeks? He could not explain it, but he was determined to put an end to it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The railroad depot at Clayburg was the hot-house of the most interesting news of the town, where the male gossips and the notable men assembled before train-time to discuss business and public matters, and catch the first sight of the very few strangers whom destiny's wave threw upon the Clayburg shore. The most inveterate loafers at the station were Billy Wallace and Squire Pendleton. When threatening rheumatism did not interfere, or absence from the town, the two veterans might be seen, the one coming down from the square house on the hill, and the other turning the curve of the bay, at precisely one-half hour before the train was due, or to depart, both in their everyday clothes; the squire rolling pompously along, as became a stout man of historical fame, and Billy making up for his diminutiveness by the erectness of his body and the general majestic severity of his manner, both conscious that when they walked forth in silent power the whole town walked also, or at least looked on. So invariable was this custom that the dwellers along the route, and particularly those concerned with meddling, never looked at the clock, but "Maria, tea-time! Billy Wallace is just comin' down the hill," or "Sally, you'd better wind the horn and call in the men, for I see Squire Pen'lton roundin' the p'int," made up for the stroke of time-keepers. Among the rising generation, whose respect for the fathers of the town was misty, they were known as the "time-keepers," "the twin clocks," "train-starters," and other appropriate names which never reached the ears of the worthy gentlemen; otherwise there would have been havoc in the ranks of the rustic youth, the squire insisting most particularly on being paid that respect which his position demanded, and punishing the want of it with severity. On a spring evening, when the fishermen were beginning to appear with early catches, or when a few hotel men and laborers arrived to open up hotels and prepare for the summer season, all the town assembled there and hemmed and hawed on the platform while the light of day faded behind the islands and the red water changed into grey



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Fearful Case. THORNTON, Ont., Nov. 29, 1899. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctors did not do me a particle of good, but Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me at once of that dreadful disease. The first bottle convinced me that it would do all you claim for it. I used to have as many as seven fits a day, would fall just where I stood and sometimes cut my face so severely that my own folks would hardly know me. I had much headache and pains in my body that I often wished I were dead. I could not get work from any account of my sickness, but now I am able to do a full day's work. My comrades that used to shun me are friends again, and I am as well as I ever was, and have only Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic to thank for my health. I am willing to answer all enquiries or letters concerning this great remedy, and urge those similarly afflicted to try it and receive its benefits. BERT HOPE.

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or was covered with mist. It was not rare to see Pere Rougevin or Mr. Buck or the Methodist minister sauntering in and out among the groups. Pere Rougevin was more at home there than either of the other clergymen, and his short figure reserved smile, and right-handed gesture were noticeable in every group as he passed from one to another and exchanged witticisms or the newest stories with those inclined. The pere had an inveterate fondness for a story and a love of interesting bits of gossip. He was fond of striking people and curious people and people with a history, and, as a consequence, of gratifying those propensities, he was a most interesting talker, a capital story-teller, and never called your attention to a person or thing without having a queer incident to relate in its connection. For instance:

"Do you observe, sir," he would say to the stranger, "that stout, florid, imposing old man yonder whom you just heard called squire? You do, of course. Well, he was concerned in the late Canadian rebellion, was hunted by the two governments, and a reward offered for his head," etc., etc.

"That graceful shaft which you see on the hill in the distance covers the grave of a very sweet girl who died here some years ago. I merely mention it because her brother is the famous New York politician, Hon. Florian Wallace, an old pupil of mine." And then at your desire you were treated to a faithful and vivid description of the most interesting points in Florian's history. Having a wide extent of mission, he might be said to have the gossip of four counties at his disposal; and he was, when he allowed it, the center of a group whose ears tingled with delight as they heard the news of the day, local and universal, served out so delicately and so expressively, and with a flavor of ingenious and witty comment to brighten the dish. The squire was a source of awe to all his little world, and his ponderous voice, as he referred for the one thousandth time to the occasion when the two governments were "after my head," could be heard over all sounds and brought every ear in that direction. As a sort of echo Billy sat beside him with his eyes blinking and winking, jerking out sharp, short notes of approval or confirmation. Billy was the best moral support the squire could find, for he swore to everything which that bald sinner asserted.

"If it isn't so," the squire would say with a series of expletives, uttered in a low key when the clergymen were present, "may I be eternally married to every widow in the county."

"I'd swear to it," Billy would cry, "on my life."

"And two is testimony, gentlemen," was the squire's last invaluable remark, which clinched the matter legally for all time.

On one particular evening in April—it was very cold, too, but the sun was shining—the usual crowd were standing about the station in wait for an evening train. As it rattled into the depot the loungers ranged themselves along the platform in the most favorable positions for seeing the passengers alight, the squire visible, by his tall form and glowing face, over every other soul, and Billy exalted for the moment on a barrel. No strangers were among the passengers, who were town residents or people already too well known to raise a ripple of excitement. The disappointment was too common, however, for people to feel or express any surprise, but the squire giped the conductor on the railroad which ran between Utica and Clayburg without so much as a new importation.

"There was one," said the conductor, "quite a man, too, but he got off at the far end of the car."

"That's the sort of a devil we want to see," said Billy, running off down the platform; but there was no trace of the stranger.

"Oh! we'll see him, if he stays long enough," said the squire musingly. "I was just thinking, as the train came in, how you and I would look and feel if Florian was on it."

"Don't speak of it," said Billy. "And what an almighty jam of people would stand here, and what screaming and hurrying, and hand-shaking and speechmaking! I declare, Billy, I think it would throw you and me into apoplexy."

"Wouldn't want to be here at all," said Billy. "Certainly—apoplexy. Couldn't stand it, ye devil—couldn't stand it."

And he poked the ticklish squire, and grew red in the face from laughing. The squire laughed, too.

"It just tickles me to think of it," continued he, "and I know him since he was a child so high; and he coming back a Congressman, and a big gun in politics, with prospects of better things before 'him. Why, I'd just go mad."

In order to give proper vent to his feelings, the squire swore considerably—for there was no one in the immediate vicinity save habitues not to be scandalized—until a second glance showed Pere Rougevin in the dim nearness. An eloquent jerk of the thumb to Billy and a grimace showed the little man the cause of his sudden silence, and the pere, coming over in a casual way, asked if he were not to call on him that night to have a game of checkers, and would he not leave now with him, which was a polite way of preventing the scandal of further swearing.

"Jes' as you say," humbly replied the squire. He was stunned and conscience-stricken, for the pere had never before heard so much wickedness issue at one burst from his respectable mouth.

Left to himself, Billy began to parade the platform in deep meditation. The lamp with its strong reflection was shining at the door, and he passed and repassed the line of the light stopping at times to blink at the curious scientific phenomenon of a thing you could not look at steadily. Out on the water a few patches of twilight were still burning like expiring lamps, and a few forms walked and talked in the gathering darkness, while trainmen and officials rolled in the freight and hurried bad language at the bad boys. It was after a few turns up and down the platform that Billy became aware of a gentleman's presence a few feet distant whose outline impressed with a sense of strangeness. His face could not be seen, although it was turned towards Billy, and he was idly leaning against the building. With the boldness customary to townspeople Billy walked up to him, bade him good-evening, made remarks on the weather, asked if he was going to stay, and could he be of any use to him; to some of which the stranger did not reply, at the rest merely grunted—grunted so meanly and impolitely that only one consideration prevented Billy from knocking him down, which was the fear of his being an acquaintance playing a dodge on him. He resumed his walking, and noticed that the gentleman was observing him closely, whereupon he turned abruptly and went home. He was half way up the street when it occurred



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Is the best value for all kinds of washing; lasts longest; gives the finest results; is easiest on the clothes.

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SURPRISE SOAP

to him that this might be the traveler who had eluded them by stepping off at the rear end of the train; and he turned back at once, determined to see his features and be able to point him out to the squire next morning. Billy was a rapid walker, and has he had walked up the hill in the heat of indignation, so he rushed back again in the heat of curiosity, and rushed upon the stranger standing unconcernedly under a lamp-post, looking around him. He turned his gaze on Billy. It may have been the unexpectedness of meeting him that puzzled the old gentleman's faculties, for he stopped in confusion, gasped out "The devil!" faintly, and fled with the idea that the stranger was in pursuit.

Mrs. Winifred, sitting calmly in the back parlor sewing, and weaving in a tear with an occasional stitch as she thought of the gay voices that made the night pleasant years ago heard the door open and shut violently, and saw Billy as in a vision appear and throw himself in a chair exhausted, with the sweat on his brow and his face wrinkleless from terror. Nothing alarming in Billy's appearance ever provoked alarm in Mrs. Winifred, and she continued her sewing without comment or question.

"Divill! divill!" Billy kept muttering until his breath came back to him.

Behind her, but some distance to her left, was a window looking out into the garden, and opposite to the window hung a mirror so placed that, without seeing herself in it, Mrs. Winifred could see the window, whose curtain was only half down. In one casual glance at the mirror she saw outlined against the darkness behind the window a white, peculiar face. Mrs. Winifred was a queer woman in some of her moods, as the present instance will show. She dropped her eyes immediately on her work, in fear that her senses were misleading her; and when she was certain of the place, the hour, the work in her hands, and the very stitches, she looked again. There was the face still, ugly, pale and cruel—the very face that had so disturbed Florian during the winter in Washington. She could see nothing else but it. A feeling of horror began to creep over her, a nervous dread that the terrible sight would direct its glances to her; but she was so fascinated and terrified, and doubtful of herself, that she did not venture to move, only sat there staring and fearing and waiting like a criminal until it disappeared.

Mrs. Winifred had a nervous time of it for an hour or two when it came to locking doors, closing shutters, examining rooms, closets, and those terrible spaces under beds. She saw nothing to cause her further fright, however, and slept at least two hours in fitful dozing.

It became known the next day that a foreign gentleman was stopping at the hotel known as the Fisherman's Retreat; and this was the first piece of information which was hurled at Billy when he made his appearance next morning to institute inquiries as to the stranger with the mysterious countenance. He could speak but very little English, and seemed to be a sort of Dutchman, and to all appearances impressed the people very favorably. He came into the office while they were discussing his probable antecedents, and at once fixed his eyes—greenish, unpleasant eyes—on the wrinkled face. It was more than Billy could stand without an explosion, and he went away hastily, and as long as the man was in the town contemplated him at a distance.

The mysterious stranger made himself acquainted, by sight at least, with all the villagers, and was more talked about than if he were the president. One day he would spend his time wandering about the docks, watching the boats or the stormy waves; another he would be seen in this or that quarter staring, simply staring.

Pere Rougevin, reading his weekly Freeman after dinner, was moved to look out the window by a passing shadow, and saw the stranger's face the very first moment; thinking it a very disagreeable one and not willing to show it any courtesy. The stranger was looking at the church—a plain, homely affair not worth inspection—but it pleased him so much that he came in to ask by signs for permission to enter. The pere spoke to him in French, German and English, but he shook his head, muttering very few syllables.

"You are a Russian," said the pere; and the man made a dubious gesture which was translated as an affirmative by the light that spread into his stolid, unpleasant face. The priest went out with him, and he looked over the church solemnly, examining some parts curiously, and with a bow withdrew when he was satisfied, following the pere into the house, with many signs expressing his gratitude before he left.

"I think we had better look to our valuables while he is in town," said the priest to his servant; "he would not hesitate to murder us, I fear, for it is seldom one sees so ugly a countenance."

And so Mrs. Buck thought when it first fell under her sharp glances. She had heard the reports in town about the mysterious stranger, and was desirous of seeing him. Her desire was gratified, one morning, as she stood on the veranda coaxing her young son for his airing. A stranger came down the street, and stopped pleasantly to smile on the pretty boy defying his mamma so bravely and so wickedly. Young Florian received the advances with great distrust, which, after one glance at the stranger, she had no wish to banish. Shallow as she was the venom expressed in it pierced her; and as she did not look again at him, the man stood ostensibly coaxing the child, with his eyes greedily devouring every line of her fair face. When Florian junior began to yell his distrust to the air the man retired, and Mrs. Buck was furnished with matter for three days of speculation as to who and what he was.

Coming down the road one fair morning in time to meet the train, Squire Pendleton's ponderous glances rested sorrowfully on the marble shaft which bore Linda's name, and then brightened a little at sight of a stranger examining the monument and the grave. Who could this be? The squire had heard of the newcomer and the mystery that surrounded him, and this he felt to be the man. What was he doing there? Around that grave, too! He came down the road as the squire passed, and gave that gentleman an opportunity to put on his most awe-inspiring, Mackenzie-rebellion look, and to roll forth a sonorous good-morning, to which no answer was given, nor did the great personage seem to inspire him with any respect.

"I said good-morning, sir," he repeated with restrained force; and the stranger, beginning to understand the drift of his remarks, bowed and smiled effusively, but said nothing.

"Foreigner, I suppose," thought the squire, with contempt. "Lucky for you that you recognized my greeting, or it would have been all the worse for us two. I saw you surveying that pretty monument on the hill," continued he without unbending, and flinging mentally all sorts of epithets at the man's disagreeable looks. "Nice stone; beats Italian marble all to smash; wears well for the climate. After next election we don't import any more stone oh! no. Cut and carved by home talent. In a century or so we shall discount your sculptors fifty per cent. We've got the money and the brains, but we need time—time."

This was what the squire called tall-talk, and was bestowed only on foreigners who looked like sneerers at republicanism. But the stranger granted something like "pah!" in answer to the tall-talk.

Freeman after dinner, was moved to look out the window by a passing shadow, and saw the stranger's face the very first moment; thinking it a very disagreeable one and not willing to show it any courtesy. The stranger was looking at the church—a plain, homely affair not worth inspection—but it pleased him so much that he came in to ask by signs for permission to enter. The pere spoke to him in French, German and English, but he shook his head, muttering very few syllables.

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BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, eruptions, flesh worms and humors. Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment? There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despondent of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.E.E. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The E. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 25 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

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NTS CURED

He Who Practiced as He Spoke.

When a Christian statesman, conspicuous for his civic virtues, as well as for the integrity of his private life, addresses the public in behalf of some political, philanthropic, or economic measure, his words are listened to with marked attention and respect, independently of the intrinsic merit of his arguments and of the eloquence with which he enforces them.

This line of reasoning acquires overwhelming force when it is applied to our Saviour. We admire, indeed, the beauty of his moral maxims, but their intrinsic excellence is enhanced by the splendor of his spotless life and matchless virtues, which shed a halo on his words.

Jesus never inculcates a moral duty which he does not practice in an eminent degree. He taught by example before he taught by precept.

Witness the conduct of our Lord in the hour of His passion. What firmness and constancy He displays under the most severe trials! What dignity and composure, what self-possession under the most provoking insults!

Witness our Saviour when he sees His Father's house profaned, when He sees the temple of God changed into a market place. Observe the indignation of His looks and the fire of holy wrath that flashes in His eyes when, single-handed, he seizes a scourge and drives the buyers and sellers out of the temple, saying to them, "My house is a house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves."

Now, contemplate our Saviour at the tomb of Lazarus. See how the lion in the temple is transformed into a lamb at the tomb; how the lion among the money changers becomes a lamb among the mourners. The eye that flashed with indignation in the temple melts into tears at the grave of a friend.

The gospels tell us that when Jesus stood at the tomb of Lazarus He wept. I never read in the gospels that Jesus laughed, but I read more than once that He wept. And yet the tears of Jesus have brought more joy and consolation to the human heart than all the mirth provoking books that were ever written.

This incident suggests to us an important truth—viz., that the most delicate sensibility is not incompatible with the most sturdy manhood; nay, it teaches us more: the tender sympathy and emotion are essential to true manhood. The courage of the man is not the courage of the brute. The man who has gone down into the human heart and sounded the depths of its sorrows and sympathized with its sufferings in others, as Christ has done, is best fitted to bear his own cross when the hand of adversity presses heavily upon him.

imitate him, and thus you will become more conformable to that heavenly model who is "the splendor of God's glory and the figure of His substance."

Make yourself familiar with the words and deeds of your Master by the frequent perusal of the gospels. The gospels contain the best narrative of Christ, because they are inspired, and are not diluted by human speculation. Christ will be your light in darkness. He will be your companion in solitude, your rest in weariness of spirit. He will be your teacher in doubt, your physician in sickness of heart, your strength in weakness, your joy and consolation in sorrow and affliction. He will be your life in death. "Follow Me," He says: "I am the way, the truth and the life. He that followeth me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Can Obtain New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anaemia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood and thus cure anaemia. When the blood is poor the nerves are starved and irritable. Then comes hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness and other nerve disorders. Headache, backache and sideaches wear out and depress the poor, pale victim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon bring ruddy health and lively vigor. They soothe the jangled nerves and give new strength to every organ.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured Miss Allen. The pale, anaemic needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood with every dose. That is why they cure all common diseases like anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret troubles that make the lives of thousands of women miserable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Editor of Punch.

Sir Francis Burnand, for twenty-three years editor of the great English humorous weekly, "Punch," has resigned. He is one of the most famous editors in England, and the most powerful. It has often been said that the satire of Punch has killed more men and measures than the English Parliament. Under his editorship, perhaps because he is a Catholic, Punch has shown little of the old partizan bitterness and of course none of the anti-Catholic bigotry which for years disgraced it.

If ever a man found his right vocation it was Burnand when he became editor of Punch, yet he settled on the vocation of a humorist after deciding first to become a lawyer, then an Anglican clergyman, then a Catholic priest, and then an actor. Why he should ever have imagined that he was cut out for the ministry history telleth not. At Eton he was highly popular as an organizer of mischief and dramatic performances, and in 1851, when he was fifteen years old, he wrote a farce which was not only performed at his tutor's house at Eton, but which was afterwards played by a professional company. Then he went to Cambridge, and his Eton reputation had preceded him. He and several other undergraduates started a dramatic society—an absolute innovation at an English university in those days. Burnand gave almost all his time to it, and how he ever managed to take his B.A. degree was as much a mystery to himself as to everyone else. However, he had wasted little time in sports. In football, he said, he was always "more shinned against than shinning."

After leaving the university Burnand became a barrister. Then, for a time, he thought he wanted to be a clergyman, and worked under Canon Liddon. He was converted to Catholicism and studied for the priesthood under Dr. (late Cardinal) Manning. But he decided before long to become an actor. One day he went to Dr. Manning and said he feared he had mistaken his vocation. He felt that his real vocation was the stage.

Manning sniffed. "A vocation," he said, severely, "concerns the spiritual welfare. You cannot speak of going on the stage as a 'vocation.' You might as well call being a cobbler a vocation." Burnand smiled nervously. "Well, yes, Dr. Manning," he said. "But if I were a cobbler I should still have the cure of souls." Burnand, however, did not become an actor. Instead, he began to turn out with astonishing rapidity pieces for the stage, a large number of which proved highly successful. He wrote for the comic papers, too. Even when he was at Eton he contributed an occasional joke to Punch, and when he became a regular contributor to Fun. After he had been with that paper a year he wrote a burlesque novelette called "Mokeanna," which the editor of Fun rejected. Burnand took it to Mark Lemon, editor of Punch, who immediately accepted it. It was one of the biggest successes ever printed in Punch, and most people believed that Thackeray was the author.

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Burnand has been employed by Punch ever since. His activity has been amazing, and when the sparkling, bubbling character of his humor is taken into consideration it becomes more amazing still. He is an inveterate punster; every English humorist has to be, but the number of puns he incorporated into his books was a little too much for even the average English reader. "Ten puns on a page is exhausting," some critics once said about "Happy Thoughts."

There is a legend in the Punch office that Burnand had a big Chinese jar which he always kept full of slips of paper on which he had written puns. When more "copy" was needed he would plunge his hand into the jar and pull out enough to last a month.

It is hardly surprising that when Burnand became editor one of the first things he did was to order other people to stop writing puns. He wrote to one contributor:

"Dear Sir: Your joke is returned. It is an ancient Millerite."

To another contributor, a member of the Punch staff, he wrote:

"For goodness sake, send no more puns. They have all been made!" When he joined the staff of Punch Thackeray called him the "new boy," and he seems to have remained a boy in heart ever since. He could even joke about a report of his own death. The London morning papers had all received telegrams saying that the editor of Punch was dead, and printed appreciative obituary notices.

"Why," said Burnand at the next Wednesday dinner, "they gave me a column each. That's more than I expected. A column! That's what they gave to Nelson and the Duke of York."

On another occasion the Punch staff was discussing a baseless report that they had all been entertained at dinner by Lord Rothschild.

"The only dish at that dinner," said Burnand, "was canard."

Sir Francis has been rather a sufferer from canards in the course of his career. Not long ago some of the London papers, in printing a report of the arrest of a man named Burnand, asserted that he was a brother of the editor of Punch. Sir Francis wrote a letter of denial, in the course of which he said:

"I have no brother. I have two half brothers (this man is neither of them), but two half brothers don't make a whole brother."

In treating of serious subjects Burnand wielded a graceful and fluent pen.

The new editor of Punch is Owen Seaman, who is just a quarter of a century younger than the retiring editor.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female troubles." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female troubles." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two points, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument doing work equal to a \$10.00 machine and can be operated in any house where gas is used. Simple, safe and costs only about 15 cent per hour to operate. Full instructions accompany each machine. It is amusing, instructive and educational for both old and young. HOLTON FIRE PEN CO. TORONTO

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1906. Everything for First Communion Wear. We've been getting ready a long time for this important event, and now stocks are in splendid shape to supply every conceivable want for either boys or misses wear. All parents will take a pride in seeing their children appropriately dressed for this eventful ceremony. No better place than Carsley's to do so in good style but not expensively. Boy's First Communion Suits FOR BOYS OR GIRLS, MODERATELY PRICED. Boys' three piece suits for First Communion wear, made of fine black serge in latest sack style, lined throughout with best farmer's satin, perfect fit and finish. Price \$3.75. Boys' two-piece suits, in fine quality all-wool black Venetian cloth smartly cut and perfect fitting, fancy pleats back and front, silk sewn, lined best quality farmer's satin throughout, equal in quality and workmanship to a \$7 suit. Special price \$5.50. Boys' First Communion suit, made in Eton style, of best quality all-wool black Venetian serge, silk sewn and silk facings, lined throughout with Italian cloth. Extra good value \$10.00. Misses' First Communion Dresses. Misses' Fine White Lawn Communion Dresses, made with full skirt and deep hem, full tucked waist and yoke with wide embroidery frill; very pretty and stylish. Special price \$1.70. Fine quality Brussels Net Dress, trimmed with spot lace; skirt made with wide frill, and waist finished with yoke and lace trimmed collar; a beautiful and up-to-date First Communion Dress. Special \$3.40. First Communion Dress of Fine White Organdie Muellin, made in the latest style, with wide hem and pin tucks; skirt trimmed with Val lace and lace insertion, full waist with six rows of Val lace on front and four rows on back, lace around neck and sleeves. Special price.....\$4.15. BOYS' SHIRTS FOR FIRST COMMUNION. Boys' Fine White Shirts, reinforced fronts, open back, with cuffs attached. Extra well made and perfect fitting. All sizes ... 60c. White Silk Ties for First Communion, in Windsor, String, Derby Knot or Bow style. Price..... 23c. Boys' White Linen Collars, very good quality, in high turnover, straight, turndown or Eton style. Prices range from 9c to 20c. THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

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Vol. LV., No. MU (By L) In art as well as in...tain grotesque, if not...ulous, misrepresentati...fully cherished among...ued traditions of the...ture the sly and craft...relentless heretic-hunt...Franciscan, the inter...the cruel Spaniard, I...Italian, and the sweet...ritan are familiar fig...to such an extent do...pervade the field of...ture, polite and othe...many ordinarily inte...they are accepted wit...as authentic types. In centuries past...an institution much r...little understood, wish...age and promote th...and discourage all th...promulgated certain r...the guidance of paint...ample, an artist, befo...a religious painting, w...go through a certa...course of fasting and...possible, receive th...There were certain bi...published, also, regard...trayal of certain cha...instance, the Blessed V...depicted as a beau...blonde in type, chaste...ed in pale blue, and w...ly covered. In our own day the...unfortunately extinct...tists, with the exceptio...tinctly religious painte...bound by certain conv...alterable as the laws...and the Persians. with these latter-day...cardinal may be portr...own apartments or at...may judge from the v...ings extant, a cardinal...are limited to his dinin...library, except in the...where His Eminence is...his death-bed, in whic...cupies a luxuriously fu...ber, through the open...of the dining-hall, with...ed with delicacies (mos...is distinctly visible. To the uninitiated o...might be difficult to di...prelate's dining-room...brary, but to the adept...easier. The library tab...ly recognized by its bo...three goose-quills and...which are never found...table. In all other...two apartments are ide...is one of the cases wh... "Rations do not make...Nor want of them the s... According to our mode...decorative art, a card...tinctly gregarious in hi...is usually portrayed in...a group of choice spi...other cardinals, altho...bishops and bishops a...quently admitted to the...cle. When ladies are p...they frequently are in...the apartment is alway...the most luxurious Loui...the prelates are resplen...ple and scarlet, while...evening gowns, are fairl...ing with jewels. Appare...dress is required of all...pearing in the same pic...Prince of the Church, Eve...maid, when receiving he...the day's marketing, a...charming decollete. When ladies are not p...group of ecclesiastics is...variably represented as...ing and making merry r...iously. Of course, op...sions, the cardinal appe...ing robes of scarlet, whi...dignitaries are gorgeou...and fine linen. I will...mit that my personal...with cardinals and arch...been rather sufficiently...sufficiently extended to...to write an authoritative... "Wild prelates I have...I am rather skeptical re...